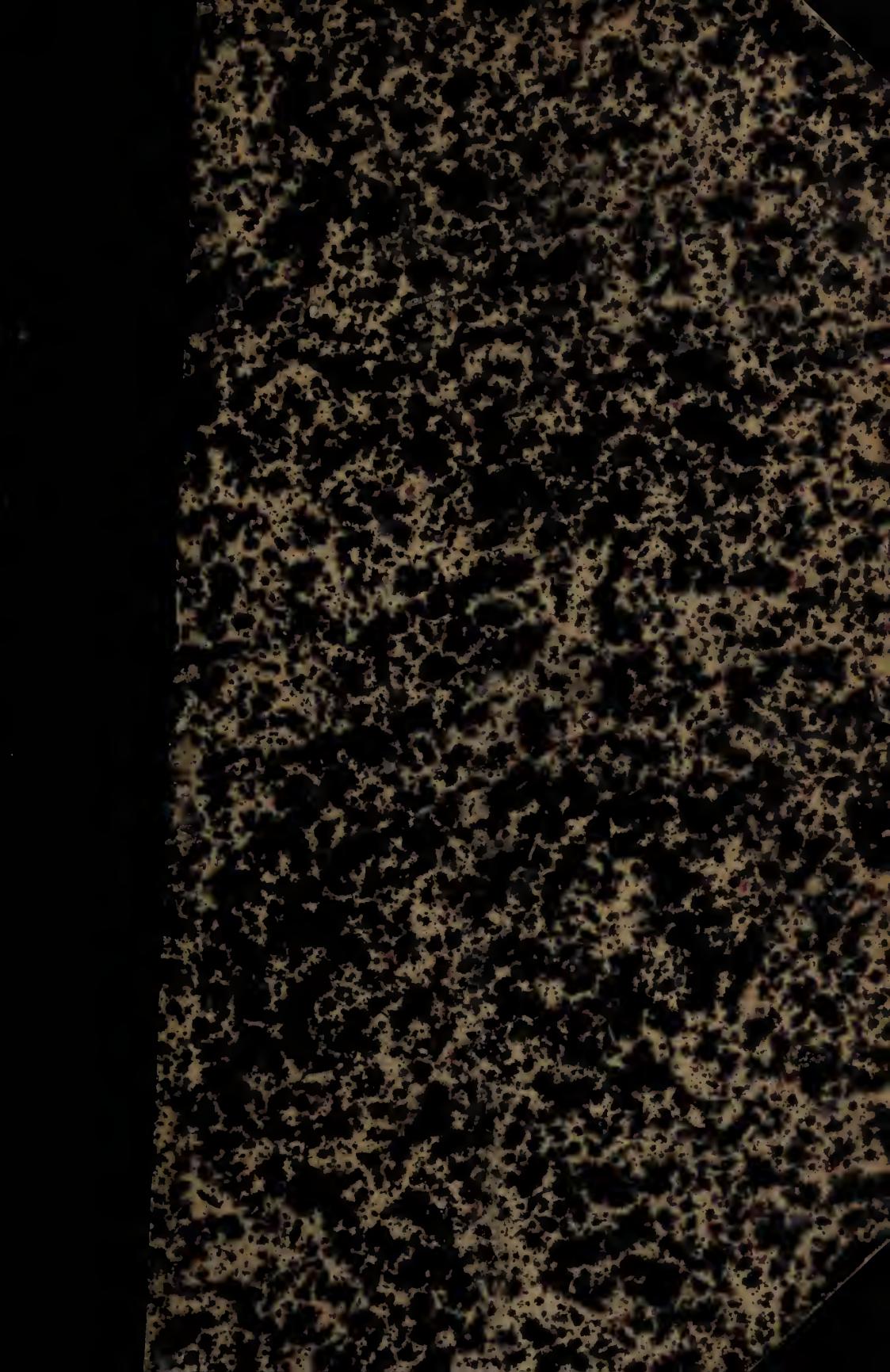


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THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

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RACE THEORIES AND EUROPEAN POLITICS.

THE discovery of Sanscrit and the further discovery to which it led, that the languages now variously known as Aryan, Aryanic, Indo-European, Indo-Germanic, Indo-Celtic, and Japhetic are closely akin to one another, spread a spell over the world of thought which cannot be said to have yet wholly passed away. It was hastily argued from the kinship of their languages to the kinship of the nations that spoke them; the student of comparative philology, or, as we may more briefly call him, the glottologist, projected a common parent-speech, from which the individual Aryan languages known to history were treated as derived. This, though beset with difficulties, was legitimate; but not so much can be said of the pendant to it in the supposed existence in primeval times of a tribe of which the Aryan nations, so-called, were to be regarded as the historical branches. The question then arises as to the home of the *holeth-nos*, or parent tribe, before its dispersion and during the pro-ethnic period, at a time when as yet there was neither Greek nor Hindoo, neither Celt nor Teuton, but only an undifferentiated Aryan. Of course, the answer at first was—where could it have been but in the East? And at length the glottologist found it necessary to shift the cradle of the Aryan race to the neighborhood of the Oxus and the Jaxartes, so as to place it somewhere between the Caspian Sea and the Himalayas. Then Doctor Latham boldly raised his voice against the Asiatic theory altogether, and stated that he regarded the attempt to deduce the Aryans from Asia as resembling an attempt to derive the reptiles of this country from those of Ireland. Afterwards Benfey

argued, from the presence in the vocabulary common to the Aryan languages of words for bear and wolf, for birch and beech, and the absence of certain others, such as those for lion, tiger, and palm, that the original home of the Aryans must have been within the temperate zone in Europe. The same line of reasoning was adopted by Lazar Geiger, and improved upon by the production of further evidence. Then it was contended that the Aryans had, after all, come from Asia, but from a spot in the central highlands of that continent, near the 49th parallel of latitude and Lake Balkash; to which it was pertinently replied, that it was contrary to probability and analogy to search for the cradle of the Aryans in a Mongolian land and among a people linguistically quite unlike them; a people, in fact, who speak agglutinative languages and use a vocabulary absolutely different from that of the Aryans. In England and America few have of late troubled themselves about the Aryan question, and most of those who have had occasion to touch upon it have been content till recently to repeat some form of the Asiatic view; but it is a fact not to be overlooked that the European theory has been rapidly gaining ground in Germany, especially among the more devoted students of anthropology and ethnology. One of the most remarkable books dealing with the subject is by a glottologist who has studied it also from the ethnological point of view, whence the importance of his work. I allude to Doctor Penka, in his *Origines Ariacæ*, Vienna, 1883.

As might be expected in the case of such a difficult question, those who are inclined to believe in the European origin of the Aryans are by no means agreed among themselves as to the spot to be fixed upon. Latham placed it east, or south-east, of Lithuania, in Podolia or Volhynia; Benfey had in view a district above the Black Sea and not far from the Caspian; Peschel fixed on the slopes of the Caucasus; Cuno on the great plain of central Europe; Fligier on the southern part of Russia; Pösche on the tract between the Niemen and the Dnieper; L. Geiger on central and western Germany; and Penka on Scandinavia. But the question of the original home of the Aryan nations is hardly the most important one connected with their pre-history; and certainly it is not the first in the proper order of discussion, for before coming to it one may be asked what is meant by Aryans or Aryan nations, although I make no allusion here to any merely verbal difficulty of deciding between such adjectives as Aryan, Indo-European, and the like. There is

no doubt as to the meaning the glottologist has been in the habit of attaching to the term: he has understood by it, as a rule, a certain group of nations speaking kindred languages and descended from a common stock. For a time the student of man, charmed and dazed by the brilliant discoveries of his fellow-researcher, fancied himself at one with him. But, gradually recovering from the effects of the spell, he returned to his own studies; he looked again at his skulls and skins, deliberately made up his mind, and now we may suppose him to address the glottologist substantially as follows: "You may go on speaking of Aryan languages, but if you persist in using also the term Aryan nations, I must be allowed to give it my own interpretation. It may be all very well and desirable for politicians to talk of the Anglo-Saxon, whoever he may be, and the Hindoo, as brothers, but for my part, as a student of man, I cannot possibly regard them as belonging to the same race, except in so far as I may have reasons to think it not improbable that all mankind come from a common origin. It is your business and mine to find out which of the nations in question represents most closely the Aryan stock; but, as for the others, they must in the main be Anaryan, that have adopted Aryan speech; so I shall understand by the term Aryans a particular group of nations comprising an Aryan people or two, with many more merely Aryanized." So far the student of man; but a similar note of warning has occasionally of late been heard from the student of speech, and notably in this country from Professor Sayce, while Penka's work, already mentioned, may be viewed as one sustained protest against the fallacy of regarding race and language as synonymous and coextensive.[1]

A distinction has been suggested between Aryan and Aryanized, or Anaryan; but nothing has been said, so far, to indicate the absolute meaning which ought to be attached to any one of these terms, and I now proceed to do so by giving the reader a sort of summary of such portions of Penka's theory as may appear to be to the purpose. It is found, he says, that the nations of Europe which are Aryan in speech fall, in point of bodily characteristics, into five groups. First comes the tall, light-haired, blue-eyed, long-skulled Teuton, to be met with in North Germany, and still more commonly and markedly in Sweden; this type is known in works on archæology and anthropology by a variety of names; but Penka himself usually calls it the *germanisch-skandinavisch* type, which I cannot render more briefly than by calling it Teuto-Scandic. Then comes the

Slavonic type, characterized by a shorter skull, a darker complexion, and a smaller stature; and lastly, there are to be seen in Celtic countries, besides the tall Celt of the Teuto-Scandic type, who, by-the-bye, is ignored in this work of Penka's in so far as regards the Celts of the British Isles at the present day, two other types, of which the one is distinguished by dark hair, a short skull, and small stature, while the other has a long skull. But this last, since it may be regarded as inclusive of the ancient Iberians, Japygians, Siculi, and other peoples Aryanized in speech only within historical times, is to be eliminated, as being obviously not Aryan. It is sometimes spoken of as the Cro-Magnon type, so called from a remarkable skull, supposed to be a good example of it and of very ancient date, found at Cro-Magnon, in the Valley of the Vézère, in the Department of the Dordogne. I take the liberty, as a rule, of following those who call it Iberian. We have now remaining, as more or less Aryan, three types, one Teuto-Scandic, one Slavonic, and one Celtic; but it is found that they admit of being further reduced, for the Celtic type in question appears to resemble the Slavonic one so thoroughly that the two may be regarded as forming but one type, which may, therefore, be termed Slavo-Celtic, and considered to include not only a large element in the population of Celtic countries and the bulk of the Slavs, but also to preponderate considerably throughout southern Germany, Switzerland, and the neighborhood of the Alps generally.

Now that we have only two types more or less Aryan left to be considered, the question that first arises is whether they may be regarded as varieties of one and the same original stock. This is thought improbable; for there appears, as we are told, to be no reason to date the beginning of the migrations of the Aryans more than some three thousand years before the Christian era, and in the space of four or five thousand years a race is not expected to show any very appreciable change of type—witness the case of the Jew and the negro, as represented on the ancient monuments of Babylonia and Egypt. If this may be regarded as in the main correct, it only remains for us to ask which of the two types, the Teuto-Scandian or the Slavo-Celtic, best represents the original Aryan stock. The answer is—the former; and various reasons are given for it. In the first place, it is argued that light hair, blue eyes, and a long skull form well-marked characteristics of a distinct race, to be found nowhere outside the Aryan world, with the

exception of those of the Ugrian peoples in the neighborhood of the Baltic who have a fair complexion; but the exception is, according to Penka, only apparent, for he would regard them as probably a mixed race. He, further, ventures to treat as Aryans the whites of North Africa, who were known to the ancient Egyptians; and he would probably regard the modern Kabyles as their descendants. Comparing the Teuto-Scandic and Slavo-Celtic types with one another, he proceeds on the well-established generalization that a nation only adopts the language of another nation on account of some superiority belonging to the latter; and in the distant past, to which he refers, that superiority need not have consisted in anything but greater strength in war. This makes for the Teuto-Scandian race, since the purer specimens of it must have had a great advantage in point of physical strength and stature over those of the Slavo-Celtic type, which is proved by what ancient authors tell us about the Germans of their time, and by the skeletons discovered in their burial places. So it is found that to this day the Teuto-Scandic element forms a much larger percentage of the nobility and property-holding classes than it does of the lower and poorer ones in Germany and Switzerland, in France and Spain, to which we need not hesitate to add the United Kingdom. It is not probable that this can be altogether treated as a result of invasions in historical times; and the same view is countenanced by the fact that, besides plentiful instances of crossing, one finds more or less perfect specimens of the Teuto-Scandic type, here and there, all over the countries where Aryan speech prevails. For instance, Cato the Elder is said to have had red hair and blue eyes and, similarly, Sulla is described as a decided blond, while Ovid ascribes to Lucretia fair hair and a snow-white skin. Moreover, it is so well known as to need no mention, that ξανθός, or blond, is a standing description of a great many of the leading characters of both sexes in the great epics of Greece, where men had the habit, at an early date, of coloring their hair so as to give themselves the appearance of blonds—a practice continued to some measure on the Greek stage. According to Adamantius, a Hebrew physician of the fifth century, the Greeks of purely Hellenic descent were μεγάλοι ἄνδρες, εὐρύτεροι, ὄρθιοι, εὐπαγεῖς, λευκότεροι τὴν χρόαν, ξανθοί;* and among modern Greeks the truest representatives of the ancient stock are supposed to be the Sphakians of Crete, who have been described as tall, and

* *Adamantii Sophistæ Physiognomicon* (Basle, 1544) II., pp. 24, 185.

characterized by a proud walk, blue eyes, fair hair, and a blooming countenance. Though it cannot be said that the modern Hindoos make any approach to the Teuto-Scandian type, the Sanscrit word for caste is *varṇa* or color, which seems to testify to a racial classification, especially as the higher castes are distinguished from the lower ones by a lighter color of the skin; and here I may add a mention of the remarkable people of the Kafirs, or Siaposh, of Kafiristan, north-east of Cabul, who speak a language nearly akin to Sanscrit, and are said to be distinguished by their stature, fair skin, blue eyes, prominent eyebrows, and features of almost Greek regularity.

It will be necessary to go back several steps in the reasoning in order to do a little more justice to Penka's theory, and to direct attention to another important point in connection with the Teuto-Scandic Aryans. It is of no great consequence here whether he and the authorities he cites be right or wrong in believing that all mankind form but one species in the sense naturalists are otherwise wont to give to the term, but it is necessary to dwell a little on the conclusions of those who have set themselves to account for the physical characteristics of peoples of the Teuto-Scandic type. In the first place, the blueness of the iris is found to be an optical phenomenon of the same kind as the color of the sky, and is to be traced to the same lack of pigment which leaves the hair fair and the skin white. But the hair and the eyes are supposed to retain their supply of coloring matter more tenaciously than the skin, and, on the whole, the absence of it dates later than its presence; that is to say, there were dusky races in the world long before the first white man stepped on the scene, and he must have been descended from ancestors who had dark skins and dark eyes, and not the other way about—a supposition corroborated by the fact that all the lower races, all anthropoid apes, and mammals generally, have dark eyes. It is advanced that the warm air of the tropics contains within the same space less oxygen than the colder air of the temperate or frigid zones; that the native of the tropics does not, however, breathe the oftener for this reason, but that the tone of the action of his lungs is lower, and that the carbon which, owing to this lower action of his lungs, is not exhaled, remains secreted as pigment, giving his skin, hair, and eyes a dark color, while the white man of a colder zone, with his higher activity, breathes it more or less completely away. If this theory be well founded, as it seems in the main to be,

the dark-complexioned races of the North, such as the Esquimaux, cannot, it is accordingly hinted, have lived long enough under the effects of the cold climate with which they are associated to have completely undergone the process of bleaching; but this is a question which cannot by any means be considered as settled. On the other hand, it is suggested that the Teuto-Scandic Aryans must have been subjected to it for many millenniums before it could have resulted in the very pronounced characteristics of the race as known to history from the days of Aristotle to our own. Moreover, the hard conditions of life which this theory presupposes would also account for the fine stature which still distinguishes it; though this must have formerly been far more remarkable, when ancient authors loved to expatiate on the large frames of the Germans with whom they occasionally came in contact, and when Sidonius Apollinaris, Bishop of Clermont (Auvergne) in the fifth century, chatted of Burgundians seven feet high, who are now known to have been no mere creatures of the imagination, as some of their graves and skeletons have been found in the neighborhood of the Rhine. In selecting the savages, few and mighty, that were to be the ancestors of such a race, nature must have been at it with a relentless hand for countless ages, nipping in the bud myriads of weaker lives; and the most striking parallel known is to be found in the extraordinary physical development of the Patagonians of South America and their great power of standing the effects of exposure; while among other instances, far less remarkable but not greatly less instructive, as Penka thinks, is the contrast in point of stature between the various peoples of the Austrian Empire. There the Dalmatians, who inhabit a comparatively poor and hilly country, are found to be the tallest, while the Magyars and the Poles rank as the shortest; and of the latter the most stunted are the Mazurs in a flat part of Poland, who are considerably shorter than their kinsmen who lead a harder life in the Carpathians.

The Teuto-Scandic type had possibly been fully developed by the end of the great Ice Age, and till that epoch its home was possibly somewhere in central Europe; but as the Ice Age drew to its close and the glaciers grew gradually smaller with the rise in the temperature, a change began to take place in the fauna of Europe. Some of the animals, as the chamois and others, were content to seek the climate they had been wont to live in, by ascending to a greater height on the Alps and the Pyrenees; but others gradually

withdrew northward, among which may be mentioned the reindeer, the sloth, several kinds of foxes, the white bear, the musk-ox, the elk, and other animals now at home within the Arctic Circle. But the retreat of the animals must have brought about that of the men who lived on them; it is guessed that this may have led them as far as Scandinavia, which was not then separated by sea from what is now North Germany. While the Teuto-Scandic Aryans had settled in the most northern part of Europe which was then inhabitable, a race of black-haired, dark-eyed, and short-skulled people spread westward from the highlands of Asia and took possession of central Europe. When the time came for the Aryans to send their conquering hordes southward, these latter were subdued and Aryanized by them, and they constitute what I have called the Slavo-Celtic element; in fact, they form the bulk of the population of modern Europe from the mouth of the Volga to that of the Rhine. They were not all, however, Aryanized, and those who were not are sometimes called the Ugrian family of nations, of which the best known to us are the Finns and the Magyars; but there are a great many nearly related peoples in Russia and Siberia. The group, taken as a whole, is sometimes treated as forming, with the Mongolians, a much larger and harder to be defined family, called Turanian; a term, however, which is no longer in favor. Another, and third, type was supplied by the Iberian element, to which reference has been already made, and which crept from the shores of the Mediterranean northward over France, the Netherlands, and the British Islands, for these last continued connected with the Continent long after the Ice Age. The three types of men, the Teuto-Scandian, the Slavo-Celtic, and the Iberian, together with the crosses produced by their intermixture, form the population of European Christendom. But the early limits of their respective domains in the west of Europe are exceedingly uncertain, and involve many and great difficulties.

Few of the states of modern Europe have not had their history profoundly modified by the Scandinavian conquests of the Wicking period; the hardy northerners not only reached Gibraltar and the shores of the Mediterranean by the ocean paths of the West, but also made the great river arteries of Russia help them on their way to the Euxine and Constantinople. Centuries previously the tall multitudes of the Cimbri burst on the terrorized South, and a remarkable tradition is recorded by Jordanes when he says: "*Ex hac igitur*

Scandza insula, quasi officina gentium, aut certe velut vagina nationum, cum rege suo nomine Berig, Gothi quondam memorantur egressi." The terms *officina gentium* and *vagina nationum* are most probably not of Jordanes's own invention, but borrowed from some lost work of such an author as Pliny, who also speaks of Scandinavia as an island *incompertæ magnitudinis* and as an *alter orbis terrarum.* Florus goes so far as to say of the Gauls, the ruling class of whom, as described in the Greek and Roman classics, must have been very Aryan, that they also came from a sea-girt country, whereby he probably meant the same northern peninsula: "*Hi quondam ab ultimis terrarum oris, cum cingerentur omnia Oceano, ingenti agmine profecti,*" etc. Moreover, the words of Tacitus seem to point in the same direction, when he assigns this reason for thinking the Germans indigenous: "*Ipsos Germanos indigenas crediderim minimeque aliarum gentium adventibus et hospitiis mixtos, quia nec terra olim sed classibus advehebantur, qui mutare sedes quærebant.*" His allusion to navigation is also borne out by what he says of the Suiones, the ancestors of the Swedes and the Norwegians: "*Suionum hinc civitates, ipsæ in Oceano, prætcr viros armaque, classibus valent.*"

This theory of Doctor Penka makes it necessary to return to the supposition that the Aryans were an essentially northern race, or, at least, belonged to a cold climate—a consideration of capital importance. He has, therefore, collected facts which indicate that the purely Aryan type labors under a climatic law which operates to make it become gradually extinct in southern countries, and which explains how it is that nations which now appear to be only very slightly Aryan in physical characteristics are nevertheless Aryan in speech. It is well known, among other things, that Frenchmen can live in warm countries where Englishmen or Dutchmen cannot do nearly so well; and that Frenchmen from the northern departments of France get on worse in a hot climate than the darker Frenchmen from the more southern departments; while Spaniards, Portuguese, and other Mediterranean peoples are exceptionally favored in the matter of the power they possess of acclimatizing themselves. And the difficulties of climate which the English have to face in India, and the Dutch in the Sunda Islands, are so well known as to require no comment. But it is also notorious that Icelanders who move to Copenhagen are wont to die of lung diseases, and the reader of the classics need hardly be reminded of what the ancients have left on record regarding the effects of the climate of their own lands

on the Germans and the Gauls. Of the former the words of Tacitus are: "*Minime sitim æstumque tolerare, frigora atque inediam cælo solove adsueverunt;*" while Callimachus compares the disappearance of the Gauls who plundered Delphi to the melting of snowflakes in the sun, and Florus in like manner likens the Insubres in the same respect to the snow on their mountains. Similarly, there are various reasons for thinking that the Teuto-Scandian type has been steadily disappearing in France and South Germany, in Switzerland and Italy, ever since the Middle Ages; but not so in Scandinavia, where it forms the largest percentage of the population. It forms the next largest population in North Germany: even in that district, however, it is giving way to the climatic law of its destiny, since we are told that blue eyes and light hair have come habitually to be regarded there as marks of constitutional weakness, which is countenanced by the fact that far fewer people reach an advanced old age in North Germany than in England, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; and as to France, it is notorious that the description given by ancient authors of the Gauls has ceased almost wholly to apply to the inhabitants of that country. In fact, the more you go south the fewer people you find of the Teuto-Scandian type, and the conclusion is strengthened that no country more south than Scandinavia can have been their original home. Such is Doctor Penka's pre-history of the Aryans, and such, one might say, is the map he has drawn of the Aryan world in his first book on the subject; for it is right to add that he has quite recently devoted another volume to it. This time the title is, in German, *Die Herkunft der Arier*, Vienna, 1886; but it leaves the author's theory in the main the same, though the argument has been considerably strengthened at some of its weaker points.

One or two remarks of a general nature may be made before we proceed further. In the first place, it may be said that Doctor Penka's reasoning completely shifts the point of view from which the Aryan languages should be considered. Hitherto we have ransacked them in quest of the secret of their history mainly from a purely glottological position, and studied them, so to speak, *in vacuo*, shutting our eyes to the kind of men who speak them, their faces, their eyes, their hair, their skins, their skulls, and their bodily frame generally; but in future the glottologist will have to prosecute his researches more or less under the eye of the anthropologist. The student of language has usually been much preoccupied with the Aryan element as the all-in-all of his study, but the student of man

steps forward to show him that the Aryan world is greatly, nay, perhaps mostly, non-Aryan. This touches fundamentally his method, for instance, of regarding the great changes of sound to which most of the Aryan languages give evidence; for it makes a great difference whether these changes were made by nations who always spoke Aryan, or by Anaryans in the attempt to acquire the language of another race. In the former case, the modifications would be looked upon as falling under the very comprehensive head of phonetic decay, which, in the majority of examples, means that the cause of the change is unknown; for it is still an expectation rather than an induction, that changes of sound proceed from harder to easier, though it cannot be denied that laziness counts for a good deal in phonology. In the latter case, changes of sound would rank among the results of imperfect imitation, which might perhaps be conveniently called phonetic adaptation—an important process, to which the facts seem to point from all quarters; in a word, it seems to be the key to much that is still enigmatic in the sound-laws of the Aryan languages.

It will possibly be objected that Penka's view is too flattering to the Germans; but that would be a silly and superficial way of looking at it, for the question is, whether it does more justice or not to the facts of the case than the views of previous writers on the subject. Moreover, the utmost that his hypothesis suggests is that the Aryan element is more strongly represented in the people of North Germany than it is in the English, in the English than it is in the Celtic nations, and than it was in ancient Italy or Greece. And nobody would for that reason call the Greeks of old a contemptible people, or deny that the ancient Romans formed one of the greatest nations the world has ever seen. In the future, the prospects of the pure Teuto-Scandic Aryans are, according to him, not very bright, and they have had no monopoly of all that is excellent in the human race in the past; in fact, the idyllic view of the race, which has usually filled so great a place in works on Aryan subjects, must now be given up. What did the early Aryan do for the advancement of mankind? He brought with him southwards his great capacities, but no civilization or culture worth mentioning; and it would have been surprising if he had—surprising, that is, if it be right to regard him as emerging from a cold region, where the conditions of life were very hard. When he came in contact with the more sentimental and easy-going races of the South, the results were remarkable, among

which may be reckoned the culture and civilization of India and Iran, of Greece and Rome. But, to show to the best advantage, it was necessary, apparently, for the Aryan element to be combined in certain definite proportions with others with which it had to amalgamate. In the East it was probably too inconsiderable, and where, on the other hand, it happened to be comparatively strong, it had a tendency to retain its militant character, and defy all the longer the influences that made for a higher civilization; at any rate, this is the lesson which Greece, with its Doric warriors and Ionian rabble, would seem to teach. The former were, in all probability, a much more Aryan people than the latter, and the contrast between the rude, soldierly habits of the Spartan and the refined manners of the Athenian is a commonplace of history which need not be here dwelt upon. It is still more striking if we take the more extreme terms in the series. Thus, the Athenians rid themselves of kings of the type described in the great epics of Greece, too early for Greek history to chronicle the change, and the Romans, long before our era: while the Prussians, who of all nations outside Scandinavia show the strongest proportion of the Aryan element, have the credit, rightly or wrongly, of being still ruled by a potentate reigning by divine right; and the English, who come next in point of Aryan blood, so lately enjoyed the rule of kings of the same sort that some of the fictions which throve in their atmosphere are still on the lips of English jurists, as the comforting maxim that "the king can do no wrong." The Aryan king of antiquity was, as a rule, superseded by an Aryan oligarchy, which in several instances took, for reasons never very clearly made out, a dual form—witness the two kings and the ephors at Sparta, the two consuls at the head of the senate in Rome, and the two *vergobreti*, or judges, who ruled in some of the Gaulish states, with the aid, likewise, of a senate, at the time when the progress of Roman arms cut short the processes of political change which Cæsar found Gaul undergoing. The substitution of an oligarchy merely meant, at the time, that the exercise of the will of the ruling race was no longer to be intrusted to a family, but transferred to the politically less rude organization of a caste or guild. It proved, however, in most cases, a real step towards liberty and equality; and so far the Aryan was willing to go, but no farther, for in all countries south of the Baltic he may be supposed to have regarded himself originally as a conqueror, since he always appears as the consistent and determined enemy of liberty. Owing,

however, to the climatic law to which reference has been already made, he found himself forced by degrees to admit the conquered races into some of the privileges which he failed wholly to retain. Such was the protracted struggle between the patricians and the plebeians in Rome. At length the fall of the Roman Empire was brought about by the incursion of nations which were comparatively pure Aryans; and we next read of the struggle for liberty being carried on by the towns as against the ruling Teuton, on whom the adverse influence of the climatic law began in due time to tell. Germanic kingdoms founded in Italy rapidly melted away, and Germanic speech failed to conquer in France or in either of the peninsulas to the south of it. But once more the Aryan element was recruited by the great invasions of the Danes and Norsemen in the Wicking times. The discovery of America has since directed the tide of Aryan emigration westwards, and the non-Aryan elements in the populations of the west of Europe have steadily been gaining ground. In France this came to a crisis one day about a century ago, when the heirs of those who framed the feudal system found themselves unable to uphold it. The terrible collapse which ensued is known as the French Revolution; and such is the account which its causes, as described by the historian, warrant the ethnologist in giving, from his point of view, of the greatest effort, if one may speak of it in the singular, ever made in the direction of liberty and civil equality. Its influence, which is not yet spent, helped on a struggle which has ever since been proceeding in the United Kingdom, between parties bearing various names but virtually representing the population of the towns and the hereditary lords of the soil, respectively; a conflict in many respects strikingly like that between the plebeians and the patricians of ancient Rome, where the one party demanded and re-demanded, while the other resisted and gradually gave way, fighting over every inch of the ground contested. This duality may be detected in the composition of every one of the great nations of Europe, past and present; nay, it is probably the key to the secret of their greatness, and the explanation of the fact that the most advanced ideas of liberty and political independence realized at Athens and Rome, Paris and Washington, have never been equalled by the highest efforts of the more homogeneous nations of Semitic or Mongolian origin. Ask an Arab why his camel behaves in such and such a fashion, and he will reply that it is because that camel's father and mother did so before him. Ask

him a similar question as to his own religious or social observances, and you will get a similar answer, the fact of his ancestors having acted in such and such a manner being enough to satisfy him. In the same way the Chinese thinks that his system of political and social life is perfect, and that it has been so for thousands of years, so that he not only sees no reason to make a change, but would regard any change as an impiety and a crime. How, then, is it that the Aryan-speaking nations of Europe are so different, and how is it that they do not hopelessly stagnate, as the nations of the East? The answer is doubtless to be sought, to some extent at least, in the ever-acting stimulus supplied by the antithesis between the Aryan and the Anaryan elements in the composition of all the great nations of Europe. This will be seen more clearly from a summary of what may be inferred concerning the respective characteristics of the two.

The pure Aryan, if we may venture to judge from his remains and the account given by Tacitus of the ancient Germans, was, as was also the ancient Gaul, a man of great stature and great strength, while his eyebrows were so developed as to give his face a most ferocious appearance. He was inured to the struggle with nature, and was never in a hurry to shut himself up in walled towns. He was above all things a warrior and hunter; he was always ready to fight, and little inclined to be considerate of others, so that he would not have been by any means a pleasant person to meet. He possessed great independence of mind and personal initiative, but he was not imaginative; so no priesthood could wholly subdue him or turn him away from his allegiance to his natural leaders, who were in the first instance his successful captains, and later his princes and nobility; and after he had slowly and reluctantly adopted Christianity, he eventually broke loose from the older forms of it, and developed a very different one in the Protestantism which, making less of the priestly element, now prevails in all the countries where the Aryan blood is most copious. Very different were the non-Aryans whom he conquered in central and western Europe; they were of small stature, and provided with a nervous system more highly strung, as well as more delicate feelings—man for man they could have been no match for the Aryan invaders. The struggle with nature had also more terrors for them, and, as fear is the father of phantoms, their imagination peopled the dusk of the forest and the darkness of the night with all kinds of horrors. All these were considerations calculated to bring into relief the comparative powerlessness of the indi-

vidual, and to aggravate his timidity; the result was a twofold process of defence, which consisted, on the one hand, in acting in masses that counted but little on individual initiative, and in congregating in places of safety, which they constructed for themselves. The historian, accordingly, finds that most of the memorable impulses in the direction of civil equality and freedom emanated from the multitudes in the towns, that is on the political and social side; and on the other, namely, that of religion, the gods and demons to whose interference they ascribed the untoward accidents of wind and weather, and the destructive action of disease and famine, required the aid of skilled and initiated men to propitiate or outwit them. One result is that they have had the imaginative side of their character so fostered and schooled as to develop a genius for the fine arts never surpassed in its productions by any other efforts of the human mind. The racial features, to some of which allusion has been made, are to a certain extent discernible still in the peoples of the British Islands. The Aryan element is, at any rate, represented by a well-known type of Englishman belonging mostly to the property-holding class; he is usually tall, muscular, and light-haired. He is brave, and celebrated for the useful quality which the popular voice places among the virtues and calls pluck. He is characterized by great love of adventure and by his restless energy; he is a born soldier, and his fondness for field-sports is so well known that the wit of a neighboring nation pictures all Englishmen, when enjoying a holiday, as always having on their lips the one question, "What shall we kill?" He is withal fond of the country, while the shorter men of darker complexion muster in their greatest force in the towns, whither they flock partly of their own accord and partly because they are compelled by the lords of the soil, who, as a class, are comparatively Aryan. The mixture of races in England has curiously stamped its duality on the history of the English Church, which is such that it can neither be called a Roman Church, nor altogether ranked with the Protestant ones, since it belongs to both: on the one hand, the great place the monarch and his court have occupied in it emphasizes its kinship with Protestantism, while the position of the English clergy more and more reminds one of the priesthood in countries of the Roman Catholic faith.

It has already been suggested that it is to the presence face to face, in the Aryan-speaking nations of Europe, of this remarkable antithesis of race, and the restlessness which it begets, that we are

to trace their greatness, with the wonderful progress which the idea of civil freedom and the practical arts of life have made among them and their American kinsmen, beyond and in advance of the highest tide-mark of civilization ever reached in Egypt, Babylonia, or China. For thousands of years their lands have been the scene of a great struggle, the ideal close of which is the triumph of freedom over slavery and of justice over brute force; and in point of historical interest attaching to some of the most memorable scenes in this secular drama, the countries inhabited by the Celtic nations rank second to none. It is needless to repeat that it was on Celtic ground that the French Revolution took place, among the wide-spread and remoter influences of which may be classed the assertion of the principle of nationalities; which went for a good deal in the union of Italy and the expulsion of a rabble of princes claiming to be the heirs of the Teuto-Scandic invaders of former ages, and in the successful demand for independence by various down-trodden peoples, more or less Anaryan, within the Austrian Empire, as against the more thoroughly Aryan element represented by the so-called apostolic rulers of German origin. But the last act here in point has not had much time as yet to become history; it also was played on Celtic soil, that of Ireland, namely, when the descendants of the ancient population of that country succeeded, by virtue of Mr. Gladstone's Irish legislation, in wresting from the House of Lords some sort of a right to their homes; for we are warranted in referring to it here by the fact, that measures for the more liberal treatment of Ireland have for a long time past been pretty commonly negatived, whether proceeding from Whigs or Tories in the House of Commons, by the hereditary House of Peers, who represent a race different from the bulk of the Irish people. It may, however, be objected that in point of importance the Irish Land Act referred to is not to be mentioned in the same breath as the French Revolution; but it is to be borne in mind that its influence for better or for worse is not likely to be confined to the lesser island, since it begins already to serve as a new departure for movements certain to result, sooner or later, in profoundly modifying throughout the whole of the United Kingdom the position occupied by the landed aristocracy.

Nothing could be farther from me than any desire to step into the arena of political strife, but it is an almost inseparable accident of the order of facts here in question that they dictate to the writer words and phrases capable of being construed in a political sense,

with a direct reference to contemporary struggles. But this is, unfortunately, not the only disadvantage under which they labor; for, though language, nationality, and race are by no means to be treated as synonymous, the ordinary way of speaking deals with them much as if they were, and it would be necessary to indulge in somewhat tedious circumlocutions if one wished to be certain of avoiding at all times the possibility of being misunderstood. A few instances will serve to show that the facts, owing to their overlapping one another, have to be scanned more closely than would at first sight seem to be necessary. The Swiss, for example, are politically one nation, and the bulk of them are of the same race; but linguistically they are divided into four groups, speaking German, French, Italian, and Romansch. On the other hand, the Alsatians are linguistically allied with the people of North Germany, while they are anthropologically akin with the French, which is supposed, in a great measure, to account for their strong preference for political union with France instead of with Germany; and the inhabitants of the northern part of Italy, though forming one nation with those of southern Italy and Sicily, and speaking dialects of the same language, differ from them in point of race, as do also the natives of South Germany from those of the north-west of the same land. In many cases the deeper facts of race count for more than the more separable accidents of language or geographical collocation; and the politicians who fostered, until they at length found it inconvenient, the principle of nationality in the case of nations speaking the same tongue, took no very profound view of history. They proceeded on a perfectly intelligible principle, and succeeded in leaving the impress of their ideas indelibly stamped on the map of Europe; but in this they were helped by the enthusiasm roused by the young and vigorous science of comparative philology, to which the lesser nations of Europe owe a deep debt of gratitude. Instead of continuing to exist as the mere playthings of kings and diplomatists, of popes and bishops, they began to acquire fresh interest, and to be thought worthy of being coaxed to tell the tale of their existence, by contributing to the student of language and mythology what materials of speech and saga they could supply. The strangling hand of the Philistine who only counts battalions let go for a while its grip of their throats; they breathed once more the air of freedom, and they grew apace in dignity and self-respect.

JOHN RHYS.

THE DREAMS OF THE BLIND.

MAN is a visual animal. To him "seeing is believing"—a saying which we can imagine a dog translating into "smelling is believing." We teach by illustrations, models, and object-lessons, and reduce complex relations to the curves of the graphic method to bring home and impress our statements. Our every-day language, as well as the imagery of poetry, abounds in metaphors and similes appealing to images which the eye has taught us to appreciate. One grand division of art is lost to those who cannot see. The eye is the centre of emotional expression, and reveals to our fellow-men the subtile variations in mood and passion, as it is to the physician a delicate index of our well-being. There are reasons for believing that it was the function of sight as a distance-sense that led to its supremacy in the lives of our primitive ancestors. Whatever its origin, the growth of civilization has served to develop this "eye-mindedness" of the race and to increase and diversify the modes of its cultivation.

The eye, thus constantly stimulated in waking life, and attracting to its sensations the focus of attention (possessing, as it does, in the retinal fovea a most powerful instrument of concentrative attention), does not yield up its supremacy in the world of dreams. The sight-centres subside but slowly from their long stimulation, and the rich stock of images which these centres have stored up is completely at the service of the fanciful imagination of dream-life. In fact, we speak of a dream as a "vision."

Though as a race we are eye-minded, individually we differ much with regard to the rôle that sight plays in our psychic life. Under one aspect a good index of its importance is to be found in the perfection of the visualizing faculty, of which Mr. Galton has given an interesting account. Mr. Galton * (whose results have received a valuable verification at the hands of Doctors McCosh † and Osborn) asked various persons to describe, amongst other things, the vividness of their mental picture when calling to mind the morning's

* Francis Galton: *Inquiries into Human Faculty*, pp. 83 *sq.*

† James McCosh: *The Cognitive Powers*, pp. 105, 106.

breakfast-table. To some the mental scene was as clear and as natural as reality, lacking none of the details of form or color; to others the resulting mental image was tolerably distinct, with the prevailing features well brought out, but the rest dim and vague; while a third group could only piece together a very vague, fragmentary, and unreliable series of images, with no distinct or constant picture.

Similar differences can be observed with regard to memories,* some persons firmly retaining what they read, while the memory-forte of others is in what they hear: and pathology supports this subdivision of the sense-memories by showing, for example, that all remembrance for seen objects may be lost while that for sounds remains intact. A case remarkable in several aspects is recorded by M. Charcot.† The gentleman in question could accurately call up in full detail all the scenes of his many travels, could repeat pages of his favorite authors from the mental picture of the printed page, and could add long columns of numbers in the same way. The mere mention of a scene in a play or of a conversation with a friend immediately brought up a vivid picture of the entire circumstance. Through nervous prostration he lost this visual memory. An attempt to sketch a familiar scene now resulted in a childish scrawl; he remembered little of his correspondence, forgot the appearance of his wife and friends, and even failed to recognize his own image in a mirror. Yet his eyesight was intact and his intellect unimpaired. In order to remember things he had now to have them read aloud to him, and thus bring into play his undisturbed auditory centre—to him an almost new experience.

The function of vision in dreams is doubtless subject to similar individual variations, though probably to a less extent. Seeing is,

* M. Binet, *Psychologie du Raisonnement*, pp. 16–32, proposes a classification of mental types according to the predominating sense-images. There is the "visual type" of mind, in which the sight-centres assimilate most of the mental acquisitions; examples of this are the chess-players who play blindfolded, the orators who "see" the words in their manuscript as they speak, the artists who paint portraits from memory, and the like. There is an "indifferent type," to which all the avenues of sense are almost equally attractive and important. Again, there is the "auditory type"; represented by those who must calculate out loud; those who, in describing a scene, imagine themselves of the "audience" and not of the "spectators"; by Blind Tom, playing a musical selection after a single hearing, and Beethoven, composing symphonies after his deafness. Finally, there is the "motor type" of mind, predominant in those to whom the muscle-feelings accompanying action form the central bond of memory. Actors are, perhaps, likely to develop this last kind of memory.

† Cited by Binet, op. cit., pp. 21–25: also by Dr. H. Wilbrand: *Die Seelenblindheit* (1887), pp. 43–51.

with rare exceptions, the typical operation in dreams; it is this sense, too, that is most readily stimulated into morbid action under the influence of drugs or other excitement, and most easily made the basis of delusions and hallucinations in a disordered mind. The dependence of the nature and content of dreams upon the waking experiences is so clearly proven that it would be surprising not to find in them individual characteristics of mind, especially if Aristotle is right in saying that in waking life we all have a world in common, but in dreams each has a world of his own.

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With regard to the blind much of what has been said above is entirely irrelevant. However intimately we appreciate the function of sight in our own mental development, it is almost impossible to imagine how different our life would have been, had we never seen. But here, at the outset, a fundamental distinction must be drawn between those blind from birth or early infancy and those who lose their sight in youth or adult life.* "It is better to have seen and lost one's sight than never to have seen at all," is quite as true as the sentiment which this form of statement parodies. Expressed physiologically, this means that to have begun the general brain-building process with the aid of the eye insures some further self-development of the visual centre, and thus makes possible a kind of mental possession of which those born blind are inevitably deprived.†

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* A noted blind teacher of the blind says: "Wenn wir . . . den Einfluss der Blindheit auf die geistige Thätigkeit des Blinden beobachten, so haben wir Blindgeborene und Blindgewordene . . . streng auseinander zu halten."

† This applies mainly to intellectual acquirements. The emotional life of those who have lost their sight is often, and with much truth, regarded as sadder and more dreary than that of the congenitally blind; the former regretfully appreciate what they have lost: the latter live in a different and more meagre world, but have never known any other. It is interesting in this connection to trace the influence of the age of "blinding" (*sit venia verbo*) on the mental development of eminent blind men and women. Of a list of 125 blind persons of very various degrees of talent, which I have been able to collect, the age of blinding was (approximately) ascertainable in 114 cases. Of these about 11 are really very distinguished, and 10 of them (the exception is the wonderful mathematician, Nicholas Saunderson) became blind either in advanced youth, middle life, or still later; of the group next in eminence (about 25) the average age of the onset of blindness is in early youth, at nine or ten years, and those earliest blind are generally musicians, who least of all require sight for their calling; the average age of blinding of the rest of the list—whose achievements would for the most part not have been recorded had they not been those of blind persons—is as low as seven years, while that of the musicians (about 15 in the group) is little over three years. All this speaks strongly for the permanent intellectual importance of sight in early education.

A fact of prime importance regarding the development of the sight-centre is the age at which its education is sufficiently completed to enable it to continue its function without further object-lessons on the part of the retina. If we accept as the test of the independent existence of the sight-centre its automatic excitation in dreams, the question can be answered by determining the age of the onset of blindness which divides those who still retain in their dreams the images derived from the world of sight, from those who do not. The data that enable me to answer this question were gathered at the Institutions for the Blind in Philadelphia and Baltimore; and I desire to express my gratitude to the authorities and teachers of these Institutions for the courtesy and privileges extended to me in my research. Nearly 200 persons of both sexes were personally examined, and their answers to quite a long series of questions recorded. All dates and ages were verified by the register of the institution, and the degree of sight was tested.

Beginning with cases of total blindness (including under this head those upon whom light has simply a general subjective "heat-effect," enabling them to distinguish between night and day, between shade and sunshine, but inducing little or no tendency to project the cause of the sensation into the external world), I find on my list fifty-eight such cases. Of these, thirty-two became blind before completing their fifth year, and *not one* of these thirty-two sees in dreams. Six became blind between the fifth and the seventh year; of these, four have dreams of seeing, but two of them do so seldom and with some vagueness, while two never dream of seeing at all. Of twenty persons who became blind after their seventh year *all* have "dream-vision"—as I shall term the faculty of seeing in dreams. *The period from the fifth to the seventh year is thus marked out as the critical one.* Before this age the visual centre is undergoing its elementary education; its life is closely dependent upon the constant food-supply of sensations, and when these are cut off by blindness it degenerates and decays. If blindness occurs between the fifth and the seventh years, the preservation of the visualizing power depends on the degree of development of the individual. If the faculty is retained, it is neither stable nor pronounced. If sight is lost after the seventh year, the sight-centre can, in spite of the loss, maintain its function, and the dreams of such an individual are hardly distinguishable from those of a seeing person.

I had already entered upon this research when I discovered that

I had a predecessor. So long ago as 1838 Dr. G. Heermann * studied the dreams of the blind with the view of determining this same question, the physiological significance of which, however, was not then clearly understood. He records the answers of fourteen totally blind persons who lost their sight previous to their fifth year, and *none* of these have dream-vision. Of four who lost their sight between the fifth and the seventh year one has dream-vision, one has it dim and rare, and two do not definitely know. Of thirty-five who became blind after their seventh year *all* have dream-vision. The two independent researches thus yield the very same conclusion. Doctor Heermann includes in his list many aged persons, and from their answers is able to conclude that, generally speaking, those who become blind in mature life retain the power of dream-vision longer than those who become blind nearer the critical age of five to seven years. He records twelve cases where dream-vision still continues after a blindness of from ten to fifteen years, four of from fifteen to twenty years, four of from twenty to twenty-five years, and one of thirty-five years. In one case dream-vision was maintained for fifty-two, and in another for fifty-four years, but then faded out.†

With regard to the partially blind, the question most analogous to the persistence of dream-vision after total blindness is whether or not the dream-vision is brighter and clearer than that of waking life; whether the sight-centre maintains the full normal power to which it was educated, or whether the partial loss of sight has essentially altered and replaced it. To this rather difficult question I have fewer and less satisfactory answers than to the former inquiry, but the evidence is perfectly in accord with my previous conclusions. Of twenty-three who describe their dream-vision as *only as clear* as wak-

* "Beobachtungen und Betrachtungen über die Träume der Blinden, ein Beitrag zur Physiologie und Psychologie der Sinne" (in *Monatsschrift für Medecin, Augenheilkunde, &c., von Dr. Ammon.* I., pp. 116–180. Leipzig, 1838), an excellent article, written in a spirit in advance of that of his day, and extremely valuable and suggestive. He records 101 cases, and on the few points where it was possible, I have either incorporated his answers in mine or corroborated mine by his. I owe much to this article. I also found two other articles on this topic by teachers of the blind—one by Mr. Johns (*National Review*, May, 1885), the other in a rare tract by Friedrich Scherer—neither of much value for me.

† Doctor Heermann's observations also enable us to trace the anatomical conditions underlying the power of dream-vision. From ten cases in which post-mortem examinations were held, he concludes that, allowing for much individual difference, after about twenty years the optic nerves degenerate, and often as far back as the chiasma. This shows that the nerve is not necessary for dream-vision, and thus goes to prove that the process is dependent on cerebral organs—a valuable piece of evidence fifty years ago. Esquirol records a case of sight-hallucinations in a blind woman, again indicating the same conclusion.

ing sight, *all* became blind *not later than* the close of their *fifth year;* while of twenty-four whose dream-vision is more or less markedly clearer than their partial sight, *all* lost their full sight *not earlier* than their *sixth year.** The age that marks off those to whom total blindness carries with it the loss of dream-vision from those whose dream-vision continues, is thus the age at which the sight-centre has reached a sufficient stage of development to enable it to maintain its full function when partially or totally deprived of retinal stimulation. The same age is also assigned by some authorities as the limiting age at which deafness will cause muteness (unless special pains be taken to prevent it), while later the vocal organs, though trained to action by the ear, can perform their duties without the teacher's aid. This, too, is assigned as the earliest age at which we have a remembrance of ourselves. This last statement I can directly test by one hundred answers which I have to the question, "What is your earliest remembrance of yourself?" The average age to which these memories go back is 5.2 years, seventy-nine instances being included between the third and the sixth years. At this period of child development—the centre of which is at about the close of the fifth year—there seems to be a general "declaration of independence" of the sense-centres from their food-supply of sensations. Mr. Sully† finds sense, imagination, and abstraction to be the order in which the precocity of great men reveals itself, and the critical period which we are now considering seems to mark the point at which imagination (and abstraction) can come into play. M. Perez‡ likewise recognizes the distinctive character of this era of childhood by making the second part of his "infant psychology" embrace the period from the third to the seventh year.

* A further interesting question regarding the dream-vision of the partially blind is, how much must they see in order to dream of seeing? In answering this question the blind give the name "seeing" to what is really a complex of sensations and judgments, and this same complex may enter into their dreams. Cases occur in which there is only the slightest remnant of sight, and yet this forms a factor in dream life. It is a very imperfect kind of vision, and acts more as a general illumination and anticipatory sense. Generally speaking, those who know color have more frequent and brighter dream-vision than those who distinguish light and shade only. For example, of those partially blind from birth, such as see color tolerably well (there are sixteen such) have regular dream-vision, of course, no clearer than their best days of sight. Of eleven who have some faint notion of color three have dream-vision regularly, six have it rarely, while two (almost never or) never have it. Of eleven who can see no color at all ten have no dream-vision, and one has it occasionally.

† James Sully: "Genius and Precocity." *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1886.

‡ *La Psychologie de l'Enfant: L'Enfant de Trois a Sept Ans.* Par Bernard Perez. Preface.

This general fact, that the mode in which a brain-centre will function depends so largely on its rudimentary education, but that, this education once completed, it can maintain its function, though deprived of sense-stimulation, is sufficiently important to merit further illustration.* The fact, though very clear and evident when stated from a modern point of view, was not always recognized. So ingenious a thinker as Erasmus Darwin inferred from two cases, the one of a blind man, the other of a deaf-mute, in which the wanting senses were also absent in their dreams, that the peripheral sense-organ was necessary for all "perception," subjective as well as objective, entirely neglecting the age at which the sense was lost. Such noted physiologists as Reil, Rudolphi, Wardrop ("when an organ of sense is totally destroyed, the ideas which were received by that organ seem to perish along with it as well as the power of perception"), Hartman, more or less distinctly favored this view; while some teachers of the blind, and the physiologists Nasse and Autentreith rightly drew the distinction between those born, and those who became, blind. An experimental demonstration of the original dependence of the perceptive and emotional powers upon sense-impressions was furnished by Boffi and Schiff, who found that young dogs the olfactory bulbs of which were removed failed to develop any affection for man.

What is true of the visual is doubtless equally true of the other perceptive centres. The dreams of the deaf-mute offer an attractive and untouched field for study. The few accounts of such dreams that I have met with fail to give the age at which deafness set in; in one case, however, in which deafness occurred at thirty years, the pantomimic language had replaced the spoken in the dreams of thirty years later. Similarly, cripples dream of their lost limbs for many years after their loss, though here stimulation of the

* That even a comparatively slight disturbance of vision, affecting only a small portion of the visual experience, can leave a permanent trace upon the sight-centre is made very probable by a most valuable case recorded by Doctor McCosh, *Cognitive Powers*, p. 106. A young man was suffering from seeing everything double, a defect which a subsequent operation removed. "If I attempt," he writes, "to recall scenes that I saw while my eyes were out of order, I invariably see them as they appeared during that time, although I may have seen them many times since the operation. For instance, in the case of the minister in the pulpit at home, I see two images of him, no matter how much I may try to get rid of one of them. . . . My recollection of the office in which the operation was performed, as also of everything in it, is double, although I saw it only twice before the restoration of my sight, and many times after. The objects which I have seen since the operation are always single when recalled."

cut nerves may in some cases be the suggestive cause of such dreams. A man of forty, who lost his right arm seventeen years ago, dreams of having the arm. The earliest age of losing and dreaming about a lost limb, of which I can find a record, is of a boy of thirteen years who lost a leg at the age of ten; this boy still dreams of walking on his feet. Those who are born cripples must necessarily have these defects represented in their dream consciousness. Heermann cites the case of a man born without hands, forearms, feet, or lower legs. He always dreams of walking on his knees, and all the peculiarities of his movements are present in dream-life.

The dreams of those both blind and deaf are especially instructive in this regard. The name of Laura Bridgman at once suggests itself; many of her dreams have been recorded, and an unpublished manuscript by Prof. G. Stanley Hall places at my service a very full account of her sleep and dreams. Sight and hearing are as absent from her dreams as they are from the dark and silent world which alone she knows. The tactual-motor sensations, by which she communicates with her fellow-beings, and through which almost all her intellectual food is brought, are also her mainstay in dreams. This accounts for the suddenness and fright with which she often wakes from her dreams; she is perchance dreaming of an animal which to us would first make itself seen or heard, but to her is present only when it touches and startles her. She lacks the anticipatory sense. Language has become so all-important a factor in civilized life that it naturally is frequently represented in dreams. We not only dream of speaking and being spoken to, but we actually innervate the appropriate muscles and talk in our sleep. This Laura Bridgman also does. "Her sleep seemed almost never undisturbed by dreams. Again and again she would suddenly talk a few words or letters with her fingers, too rapidly and too imperfectly to be intelligible (just as other people utter incoherent words and inarticulate sounds in sleep), but apparently never making a sentence." * So, too, all the people who enter into

* From Professor Hall's manuscript. Professor Hall had the opportunity of observing her during three short naps, and has incorporated a part of his manuscript into a paper on Laura Bridgman, republished in his *Aspects of German Culture*, pp. 268–270. From this manuscript I take the following illustrations of her dreams, and her method of describing them. They are recorded verbatim.

"*Question.* 'Do you dream often?' *Answer.* 'Very often, many things.' *Q.* 'Did you think hard yesterday to remember dreams for me?' *A.* 'I did try, but I always forget very soon.' *Q.* 'Did you ever dream to hear?' [Her idiom for 'that you could hear.'] *A.* 'Only the angels playing in heaven.'

her dreams talk with their fingers. This habit had already presented itself at the age of twelve, four years after her first lesson in the alphabet. "I do not dream to talk with mouth; I dream to talk with fingers." No prettier illustration could be given of the way in which her fancy builds upon her real experiences, than the fact recorded by Charles Dickens, that on picking up her doll he found across its eyes a green band such as she herself wore. The organic sensations originating in the viscera, though often prominently represented in dreams of normal persons, seem especially prominent in her dreams. She often tells of feeling her blood rush about, and of her heart beating fast when suddenly waking, much frightened, from a distressing dream. One such dream she describes as "hard, heavy, and thick"; terms which, though to us glaringly inappropriate in reference to so fairy-like a structure as a dream, form an accurate description in the language of her own realistic senses. In short, her dreams are accurately modelled upon the experiences of her waking life, reproducing in detail all the peculiarities of thought and action which a phenomenal education has impressed upon her curious mind.

I have had the opportunity of questioning a blind deaf-mute, whose life-history offers a striking contrast to that of Laura Bridgman, and illustrates with all the force of an experimental demonstration the critical educational importance of the early years of life. The young man in question is now twenty-three years of age, earns a comfortable living as a broom-maker, has an active interest

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Q. 'How did it sound?' *A.* 'Very beautiful.' *Q.* 'Like what?' *A.* 'Nothing.' *Q.* 'Was it loud?' *A.* 'Yes, very.' *Q.* 'What instruments?' *A.* 'Piano.' *Q.* 'How did the angels look?' *A.* 'Beautiful.' *Q.* 'Had they wings?' *A.* 'I could not know.' *Q.* 'Were they men or women?' *A.* 'Don't know.' *Q.* 'Can you describe their dress?' *A.* 'No.' *Q.* 'Was the music fast or slow?' *A.* 'I cannot tell.' On another occasion she was asked, 'Did you ever dream to see?' *A.* 'I could see the sun.' *Q.* 'How did it look?' *A.* 'Glorious.' *Q.* 'What color?' *A.* 'I cannot tell' [with a sign of great impatience]. *Q.* 'Was it very bright?' *A.* 'Yes.' *Q.* 'Did it hurt your eyes?' *A.* 'Yes, they ached.' *Q.* 'What was it like?' *A.* 'Nothing. I saw it with my eyes' [much excited, breathing hard and fast, and pointing to her right eye]. Some days later, after some promptings from her attendants, she renewed the subject of her own accord, as follows: 'I remember once a dream. I was in a very large place. It was very glorious and full of people. My father and mother were standing by. The glorious piano was playing. When I heard the music I raised up my hand so' [standing and pointing impressively upward and forward with the index finger, as the letter g is made in the deaf and dumb alphabet] 'to my heavenly Father. I tried to say God.' *Q.* 'With your fingers?' *A.* 'Yes.' *Q.* 'Where was God?' *A.* 'So' [pointing as before]. *Q.* 'Far away?' *A.* 'No.' *Q.* 'Could you touch him?' *A.* 'No.' 'How did you know he was there?' *A.* 'I cannot tell.' *Q.* 'How did you know it was God?' *A.* 'I cannot explain.' *Q.* 'What was he like?' *A.* [After a pause] 'I cannot tell everything to everybody' [half playfully, whipping her right hand with her left, and touching her forehead significantly, to indicate that she was unable adequately to express what was in her mind]. *Q.* 'Could he touch you?' *A.* 'No. He is a spirit.' *Q.* 'Did he see you?' *A.* 'He sees everything. See how melancholy I look because I do not feel interested.' On another occasion she said, 'I often dream that Doctor Howe is alive and very sick,' but no details could be elicited. Again, after imitating the gait of different people, she said, 'I dream often of people walking. I dream many things, but do not remember what I really dream. I used to dream of animals running around the room, and it woke me.'"

It is evident that her dreams of hearing and seeing are either merely verbal, or the substitution and elaboration of kindred sensations (sense of jar and heat) which she experiences. For further examples of her dreams see her *Life and Education*, by Mrs. Lamson, pp. 88, 154, 166–168, 218, 223, 224, 226, 286, 290, 303, 304.

in the affairs of the world, and dislikes to be considered peculiar. His eyesight began to fail him in early childhood, and in his fifth year the sight of one eye was entirely lost, while that of the other was very poor. After a less gradual loss of hearing, he became completely deaf in his ninth year. At the age of twelve, when admitted to the institution for the blind at Baltimore, he was (practically) totally blind, deaf, and nearly mute. The small remnant of articulating power has been cultivated, and those who are accustomed to it can understand his spoken language. He also communicates as Laura Bridgman does, and has a further advantage over her in possessing a very acute sense of smell. He remembers the world of sight and hearing perfectly, and in a little sketch of his life which he wrote for me, vividly describes the sights and sounds of his play-days. He usually dreams of seeing and hearing, though the experiences of his present existence also enter into his dreams. Some of his dreams relate to flowers which he smelled and saw; he dreamt of being upset in a boat; shortly after his confirmation he dreamt of seeing God. When he dreams of making brooms his dream is entirely in terms of motion and feeling, not of sight. His history thus strongly emphasizes the importance which M. Perez attributes to the period of childhood from the third to the seventh years.

Before returning to the characteristics of the dreams of the blind, I will here insert certain facts with regard to dreaming in general, which the statistical nature of my inquiry enables me to furnish, and which it would be valuable to see corroborated by a similar study upon the dreams of normal individuals.

We seldom, if ever, meet with a person who has never dreamed, although many dream very rarely indeed. Of the 183 answers to the question, "Do you dream?" the percentage of those who simply say "Yes" (*i. e.*, when I could get no further information) is 25.7; of those answering "No," is 1.1; "Seldom," 43.2; "Frequently," 22.4, and "Every night," 7.6. From a general impression and in the absence of further statistics for seeing persons, I would judge that the blind are, on the whole, not such good dreamers as the sighted, the latter probably including more "frequent" and less "occasional" dreamers than the former. With regard to sex, the gentler sex furnishes the better dreamers. While of the males 54.5 per cent. dream seldom, 19.2 per cent. frequently, and 7.1 per cent. every night, similar numbers for the females are 29.8, 26.2, and 8.3 per

cent., *i. e.*, the latter have more "frequent" and fewer "occasional" dreamers. This favors the view that it is the vividness of the emotional background elaborated by the imagination that furnishes the predominant characteristic and tendency to dreams; for it is in the development of just these qualities that women excel men; the same view is favored by the relation of the prevalence of dreams to age. In my tables there is a loss of the total amount of dreaming in passing from the period of five to nine years to that of from ten to fourteen years. A slighter decrease is noted in passing from the latter period to that of the next five years, and this very gradual decrease seems to continue from then on. Childhood, the period of the lively imagination and highly tinged emotional life, brings the richest harvest of dreams.*

It was noticed that the blind and deaf young man mentioned above, though seeing in his dreams, never thus saw the shop in which he worked. This suggests the question of the distinguishability of the pre-blindness from the post-blindness period, as represented in dream-imagery. It is easy to imagine that the more or less sudden loss of sight, the immersion in a strange and dark world, would for a time leave the individual living entirely upon the past. His remembered experiences are richer and more vivid (we are supposing his blindness to occur after childhood) than those he now has; he is learning a new language and translates everything back into the old. His dreams will naturally continue to be those of his seeing life. As his experiences in his new surroundings increase and the memory of the old begins to fade, the tendency of recent impressions to arise in the automatism of dreaming will bring the events of the post-blindness period as factors into his dreams. I find in my list only seven who do not have such dreams; and in these the blindness has been on the average of only 2.8 years stand-

* I can add a note on the frequently discussed question whether impressions derived from recent or distant experiences predominate in dreams. Of 113 answers, 42 make "recent" dreams more frequent, 27 speak in favor of "distant" dreams, while 22 dream equally of both, thus supporting the view that dreaming is largely the dying out (*Abklingen*) of recently stimulated centres. The function of taste and smell in dreams is variously estimated, though the statement is usually and truly made that they furnish the smallest item of dream life. 33 remember dreams of smelling or tasting, while 95 do not; and of the former many have such dreams rarely. They usually occur as part of that complex of sensations accompanying eating, probably of a favorite dish (cake, ice-cream, and fruit predominate in the answers before me). Often this is not really smelling or tasting to a great extent. Five persons mention smelling (usually of flowers) as more frequent than tasting, and five say the reverse.

ing (the average age of "blinding" of the seven is fifteen years), making it probable that the adaptation to the new environment has here been a slow one and that such dreams will occur later on. On the other hand, cases occur in which, after three, two, or even one year's blindness, when the persons so afflicted were young, events happening within that period have been dreamed of.*

Whether there is a difference in the vividness, or any other characteristic which sight would lend, in the dreams of events before and after blindness, is a question to which I could obtain few intelligent and satisfactory answers; but, as far as they go, the tendency of these replies is to show that when blindness ensues close upon the critical period of five to seven years of age, the power of vivid dream-vision is more exclusively limited to the events of the years of full sight, and, as Heermann pointed out, this power is often subject to a comparatively early decay. Similarly, I find that those who lose their sight near the critical age are not nearly so apt to retain color in their dream-vision as those who become blind later on. The average age of "blinding" of twenty-four persons who have colored dream-vision, is 16.6 years, including one case in which blindness set in as early as the seventh year. (All who see enough to see color, have colored dream-vision.)

I also asked those who became blind in youth, or later, whether they were in the habit of giving imaginary faces to the persons they met after their blindness, and whether they ever saw such in their dreams. Some answered in very vague terms, but several undoubtedly make good use of this power, probably somewhat on the same basis as we imagine the appearance of eminent men of whom we have read or heard, but whose features we have never seen. When we remember how erroneous such impressions often are, we can understand how it often misleads the blind. Such imaginary faces and scenes also enter into their dreams, but to a less extent than into those of the sighted. Doctor Kitto† quotes a letter from a

* Heermann cites a case of a man of seventy who never dreamed of the hospital in which he had been living for eighteen years, and to which he was brought shortly after his blindness. This and other cases suggest that the more mature and settled the brain-tissue, the more difficult is it to impress upon it new conditions sufficiently deeply to have them appear in the automatic life of dreams.

† *The Lost Senses*, by John Kitto; a valuable book, unfortunately out of print. Doctor Kitto draws an ingenious inference from the sonnet addressed by Milton to his deceased (second) wife, whom he married after the onset of his blindness. From the lines, "I trust to have | Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint," and "The face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight," etc., he argues that the poet was unable to imagine the face of his

musician who lost his sight when eighteen years old, but who retains a very strong visualizing power both in waking life and in dreams. The mention of a famous man, of a friend, or of a scene, always carries with it a visual picture, complete and vivid. Moreover, these images of his friends change as the friends grow old; and he feels himself intellectually in no way different from the seeing.

This leads naturally to the consideration of the power of the imagination in the blind. It is not difficult to understand that the blind are deprived of one powerful means of cultivating this faculty, that the eye is in one sense the organ of the ideal. Their knowledge is more realistic (*handgreiflich*), and so their dreams often lack all poetical characteristics, and are very commonplace. Ghosts, elves, fairies, monsters, and all the host of strange romance that commonly people dreams, are not nearly so well represented as in the dreams of the sighted. What is almost typical in the dreams of the latter is unusual in the dreams of the blind.* Many observe that such dreams grow rare as they outgrow their youth, which is probably also true of the sighted. When the blind dream of ghosts they either hear them, and that usually not until they are close at hand, or they are actually touched by them. A blind man, describing a dream in which his friend appeared to him, said: "Then I dreamt that he tried to frighten me, and make believe he was a ghost, by *pushing me down sideways*," etc. By some the ghost is heard only; it has a rough voice and its bones rattle; or it pursues the victim, humming and groaning as it runs.

Contrary to the opinions of some writers, I find hearing, and not the group of tactual-motor sensations, to be the chief sense with the blind, both in waking and in dreams. That hearing owes very much of this supremacy to its being the vehicle of conversation, goes without saying. Many of the blind dream almost exclusively in this sense, and it is quite generally spoken of as the most important. Even those who see a little often regard hearing as their most useful sense; those who see color, however, almost without exception claim for their partial sight an importance exceeding that of hearing. This seems to be due not to any peculiar attractiveness or importance in color of itself, but to the circumstance that this degree of sight makes possible a sufficiently clear perception of

wife, which he had never really seen, and so saw the face veiled; but hoped in the future world to have "full sight of her without restraint."

* This is especially true of those early blind.

objects to cultivate the use of sight as a "distance" and an "information" sense. Next in importance to hearing is the group of sensations accompanying motion. An important item in the dreams of the sighted is furnished by this complex of sensations, and the same is true of the blind; almost all remember such dreams, and some make this their most important avenue of sensation. Reading the raised type with the finger almost never occurs in dreams. The boys dream of playing, running, jumping, and so on; the men of broom-making, piano-tuning, teaching, and similar work; the girls of sewing, fancy work, household work, and the like, many having accompanying sensations of other senses.*

There is often ascribed to the blind a somewhat mystical sense, by which they can tell the presence and even the nature of objects, and can feel their way. As far as such a power exists it is nothing more than the cultivation of an "irradiation sense," which we all possess. It is not at all difficult to tell whether a large object is within a few inches of the hand, if its temperature is somewhat different from that of the room, or if it be an object like metal, which rapidly exchanges its heat. In sunlight the shadows of stones and posts can be thus detected; and the illumination of a room, both its source and extent, can be judged. This sense the blind carefully, though often unconsciously, cultivate, and I have heard it spoken of by them as "facial perception," because the face seems to be most sensitive to this kind of change. Many mention that the power fails them under the influence of a headache or similar nervousness. The question whether the position of a door, whether open or closed, could be told at a distance was variously answered. Ninety-six could tell and twenty-six could not. Of the ninety-six, forty-one could see well enough to make sight the chief guide in the process; ten judged mainly by the sound, while forty-five have a "facial perception" more or less strong. This enters in a vague way into their dreams, but seldom plays an important rôle.

The stories attributing to the blind rather wonderful notions of color have, on careful examination, been readily explained by natural means; the use of words referring to color is often merely verbal (of this Laura Bridgman furnishes many excellent examples),

* I have further tested this order of importance of the senses by asking how the blind recognized in their dreams where they were; and the answer given to me was that they knew by the information obtained through their predominant sense, giving me the same order as before; many, also, mentioned a vague feeling of strangeness which they could not analyze.

while the knowledge of the color of certain definite objects is obtained by inference, based upon texture, appropriateness, and similar characteristics. Attention has recently been given to the analogies between color and sound. Mr. Galton has recorded many cases in which the sounds of the vowels, of words, of musical notes, and the like, immediately summon to the mental eye an appropriate color, often with a peculiar outline and shading. One person could actually "read sounds" out of a wall-paper pattern, or write the sounds in the name "Francis Galton" in colors. It seemed possible that the blind might obtain or receive some dim notions of color by a similar process, and Doctor Kitto and the blind teacher, Friedrich Scherer, mention that such is the case, though to a very slight extent.* The latter calls musical instruments the bridge across which color comes to him. (He became blind when two years old.) The flute is his symbol of green, the swelling organ tones of blue. The trumpet is red, the hunter's horn dark green and violet, a general confusion of tones is gray, while pink and crimson are associated with the feeling of velvet. In my list occurs the record of a young man twenty years old, and blind for three years. He saw colors on hearing certain sounds soon after his blindness, and claims that he is thus able to keep alive his notions of color. To him an alto voice is gray; a soprano, white; a tenor, yellow; a bass, black. While I was speaking to him he saw a dark ground. A few words are also colored to him; the sound of "Smith" seems yellow. These analogies, however, are fanciful and rare. They belong to an, as yet, little-explored region of mental phenomena, and one can do scarcely more than record their existence.

Let me, finally, give some examples from the collection of dreams and parts of dreams which these blind people have put at my command. Many are such as we ourselves commonly experience, and many exhibit the peculiarities which have been noticed above. A boy with more than usual imagination dreamed that he was in a

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* The fact that many of those who have never seen lack all clear ideas as to the nature of vision is clearly made out. This "blind-mindedness" many try to conceal, but a careful questioning usually reveals some erroneous notions, especially amongst those not naturally bright. I have asked the congenitally, or early, blind whether they could easily understand why the sighted could not see both sides of a thing at once, and why things should seem smaller as we recede from them. Of forty-seven, sixteen confessed to a more or less serious difficulty. One boy thought we might look at one side of an object with one eye and at the other with the other. The decrease in size of the image is more readily understood, it being always compared to the fading of the sound at a distance.

battle in which Alexander the Great put the Gauls to flight; he heard the thunder of the cannons, but saw no flash. A very musical young man dreamed that his mother was dead; this he knew by the cold touch of her body. He next heard the chanting of the Mass at her funeral. (This young man at times improvises airs in his dreams.) A partially sighted girl dreams repeatedly of a wide river, and is afraid of being dashed across it, while anxious to secure the flowers on the opposite bank, which she dimly sees. A boy dreamed of being picked up by some mysterious agency, and then suddenly allowed to fall from a tremendous height. Here he awoke, and found his head at the foot of the bed. Another dreamed of the Judgment Day, mainly in terms of hearing. He was drawn to heaven by a rope, clinging to a pole used for exercising; he heard the trumpets sounding, and the voices singing, and so on. One dreamed that he was on a steamboat which suddenly sank, whereupon he quietly walked ashore. Another, that his father saw some wild people in the water, and swam out and rescued them; another, of a large conflagration, of which he saw nothing, but was constantly receiving reports from the bystanders. A girl dreamed that she was sent by her aunt to get a loaf of bread from the cellar, and was cautioned not to step too far down in the cellar, because there was water there; upon arriving at the dangerous place she stood still, and called for her aunt; another dreamed of chivalry, as the result of reading *Ivanhoe;* another of visiting Lincoln and being much impressed with the strangeness of the place; another of her examination in physics —she placed a piece of glass on her finger, and showed its centre of gravity, when the glass fell and broke with a crash; on another occasion she dreamed that she was sick, went to the doctor, and recovered her full sight, and things looked strange and unfamiliar when compared with the knowledge she had derived from touch.

The study of the dreams of the blind thus emphasizes many points of interest in the nature and development of the cortical centres of the human brain; it graphically illustrates the explanatory power of the modern view of their function; and it presents in a new aspect certain characteristics of their constitution. It shows beyond a question that the power of apperceiving sight-images is in no true sense innate, but is the product of slow development and long training. That the same holds true of other centres is proved by a mass of evidence gathered from many quarters; with regard to the motor centres, it is even experimentally determined by the observation that

stimulation of the central convolutions of the brains of puppies fails to excite the appropriate movements of the legs, unless the puppies are already nine or ten days old. These facts are almost ready to be formulated into an important developmental law of psycho-physiology.

The "critical period," revealed by the above research, must not be understood as marking the point at which the visual centre begins its life; this occurs at a much earlier age, and this centre is continually increasing in complexity and stability. Nor was the statement made that there was no difference here relevant, between a child losing its sight at two years of age and one losing it at four years. The latter has doubtless a considerable advantage—to some extent indicated by the influence of the age of "blinding" on the future development of noted blind persons, as well as by other considerations. Similarly, after the "critical period," the same processes of growth and assimilation continue, as is evidenced by the vague character and comparatively early decay of the dream-vision of those becoming blind close upon the end of the seventh year. The more time spent in gathering in the provisions, the longer do they hold out. The significance of the "critical period" lies in its demonstrating a point in the growth of the higher sense-centres, at which a divorce from sense-impression is no longer followed by a loss of their psychical meaning; a point at which imagination and abstraction find a sufficiently extended and firmly knit collection of experiences to enable them to build up and keep alive their important functions; a point where the scholar dispenses with the object-lesson and lives off his capital.

The indication of such a period in the development of the human mind brings clearly into view the dependence of the higher mental processes upon the basis furnished them by the experiences of sensation; it strongly suggests a rational order and proportion in the training of the several faculties of the child's mind; and finally, it prevents the formation and survival of false notions by substituting certain definite, though incomplete, knowledge, for much indefinite, though very systematic, speculation.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

OUR AMERICAN LIFE.

THE heading of this article is chosen "for cause," as say the lawyers. If it stood as "our life," the reviewer might expect a professional disquisition on its shortness or uncertainty, or possibly a demonstration that it is "worth living." If it stood "American life," the writer might be supposed to take the stand-point of an outsider. But that would be against the facts. To live among a people twenty years, to lecture them and be lectured, to vote on every possible occasion, to have one's life, aims, and interests identified with the land and its people, and to be as proud of its position as is consistent with Christian humility—these things surely entitle me to say "Our American Life." And it is in full sympathy with it as a whole that a few pages are devoted to some of its elements, with the view to fixing attention on the good that is to be strengthened and on the evil that is to be eliminated.

The composition of the population of the United States has to be remembered by any one who would think wisely and justly of our life. For a long time English ways, transmitted by the Puritans whom Providence sent to America, were in a good degree maintained, modified, of course, by environments. Pork and beans have a transatlantic history, but maple-sugar and tomatoes are our own, and are now going across the ocean. New England people do not always realize how much they inherit. There are parts of old England where Queen Victoria has a small "r," not for Regina, but a provincial addition, to her name. She is "Victoria*r*." One who is new to eastern States will hear the same thing there. Even well-educated men will sometimes speak of the "law*r*." They are not aware of it. An Amherst student, teaching an Irish-born pupil his Latin grammar, said: "Now, decline mensa*r*." The pupil repeated his pronunciation. The tutor detected in him the annex which he did not notice in himself. A good foreign missionary was heard with pleasure by the present writer some years ago. He had been most of his life on the foreign field, and his subject seemed to lay traps for him as he spoke of Asia*r*, Burmah*r*, Calcutta*r*, and so onward. These are trifles in themselves, but they show for how long

the characteristics of a people will survive. The New Englanders—whose fathers, happily, did not know of Iowa and Minnesota, or poor New England's hard soil would not have been subdued—now cover these tempting plains and set up on them the institutions they inherited, and with a vigor which has survived through the very conflict with difficulties on the eastern hillsides.

More toward the centre of the present States come the Scotch-Irish. They had been settled in Ulster, after 1688, on lands rented at say half a dollar an acre, on thirty-one-year leases. They drained, fenced, manured the land, and put up houses. The result was that the landlords said, at the end of thirty-one years: "These lands are now worth two dollars an acre rent, and we shall charge you at that rate." "Two dollars an acre! Why, gentlemen, it is we who made them worth that, and you make us pay for our own labor! No; we'll go to America." And they did, in such numbers as to give a good deal of additional backbone to the population here, and to alarm the landlords. Two results followed. When the Boston people planned independence these Scotch-Irish were ready with their sympathy; and in the province they quitted there grew up a conceded tenant's right to his improvements, which at length had to be framed into law. Add to these elements an infusion of Dutch diligence and of Huguenot fervor, and you have a good central force for the subjugation of a difficult land and the making of a vigorous nation. It may be added, parenthetically, that he is not loyal to memories and associations, nor just to the lessons of history, who belittles these people, or tries to eliminate their characteristics from our national life.

Difficulties in reaching America diminished and new elements entered it, Irish, without the "Scotch" in their name, and Germans, being followed later by ordinary French, and later still by Scandinavians and Italians. Of our Hebrew fellow-citizens, so energetic and industrious, something may be said later. If it be alleged, as it might naturally be, that the original peoples make the strength of the nation, it might be replied: "Yes, they have been longest here; wait until the new-comers have had a century or two of the country, and then you can judge." Whatever may be thought on this subject, all will admit the desirableness of bringing the people together in sympathy, in general convictions, and even in habits. Union, in these things, is strength. It is undesirable that there should be in a given city groups of people ignorant to a great degree of one an-

other's home-language, habits, tastes, and general ideas. In schools, in politics, in city affairs, it is undesirable that a German, having the ear of his countrymen, should be able to employ them as a unit for his own ends. The same is true of any other class. A Hungarian in a town happening to have in leading-strings a body of Hungarian voters, may obstruct, to the damage of the town, even of his supporters, till he is bought off; when such sordid trickery would be impossible, if the Hungarians were in communication and sympathy with the rest of the people. It would be easy to extend the illustration; but it is needless. The common school has been looked to as a great means of securing this unification. Ought not Americans who feel this to face such questions as these: What proportion of our children have we actually studying in the schools? To what extent are they sectionalized—German schools for German, Irish for Irish? How far are they doing the full work of educating? Are they so leaving out anything—the training of the hands, for example, or, more important still, the education of the conscience—as to warrant disregard and disuse of them, and thus weaken this assimilating power?. Where government is "for the people and by the people," where there is no autocrat guarding the local interest for the benefit of the whole, nothing is beneath notice that tends to intelligent and cordial coöperation.

On this account one cannot look with any favor on the occasional segregation of "the Jews" among us. Persecuted for centuries, shut out from holding land and from the professions, they were shut up to limited forms of business; but they feel and prove, in their industry, intelligence, pure domestic life, in their small contribution to the pauperism and the crime of the country, and their immense influence in France, Germany, and even Russia, how much their inspired Old Testament has told upon them for good; and it is a great infelicity when fastidious Americans treat them in any way unfavorable to their complete identification with our land and our national life.

The commercial life of our country—without the necessity to discuss protection or free trade—well deserves careful study. The area which we control is wide, the outside regions with which we have to do constantly become nearer and more numerous. The ingenuity and inventiveness called into play and developed by the necessities of Europeans settling in quite new conditions of earth and air—and which have shown themselves in our multitudinous contrivances,

"patents," and ingenious combinations—are elements of power, of a certain kind, in trade. They are also capable of being elements of weakness. Able men have done so many unexpected things that a prospectus of a new and fortune-making effort must be very utopian indeed if it does not find some believers. Let the numerous holes in the sides of "the Rockies," into which more money went than ever came out, bear witness. Let the devices of smart scoundrels among ourselves, "organizers," and deceivers of fairly intelligent people, bear witness. A proportion of these come to the eye through the police and the bankruptcy courts. Another proportion sinks into obscurity; for dupes do not always wish to exhibit their silliness, and even shameful "frauds" have sometimes well-to-do friends and relatives. The breadth of our country is a temptation to such. A commercial blackguard in Belgium is known all over the kingdom. A commercial plunderer shown up in London need not go to Liverpool or Bradford; the island is small. But Oregon is a long way from New York. Even Denver or Sacramento give a man a chance of improving on the experience he has gained in the East. It follows that our commercial life calls for caution, conservative methods, and, possibly, some revision of the standard of success. Are we not getting into the bad habit of counting only the man who makes a "pile" a success, and the man who simply holds his ground, brings up and starts a family honorably in life, and dies as he lived, of no great account? But in fact, and in all the real interests of life, the latter may be the success, and the former the failure.

Another fact in this connection is worth notice before we pass from the subject. The great, brilliant successes are, as a rule, in our cities. They attract notice. All men hear of the man who rolled up a fortune in a few years. Only a few hear of the twenty that failed on the same lines. "What is hit is history; what is missed is mystery." One consequence is that the movement is from the country to the town. Young Thatcher is not going to plod along year after year on the farm, when he might with less toil make his thousands in the city, as a politician or a man of business. "Why, there is Baker—I'm just as smart as he is—and he is near the top of the wheel; they say he will soon be an alderman." So the tide is town-ward. Now it is true that one may find the best people in the towns, for mind quickens mind; but you may also find the worst; and in this world evil works at a tremendous advantage. No

better population for morals and trustworthiness is found in any Christian country than those who live by the tilling of the soil. We do not ignore the value of cities, but

"God made the country, and man made the town,"

and without building on any forced exegesis of this passage, we cannot be blind to the fact that city life multiplies and complicates the problems with which Christian civilization has to deal. No five millions of country people in England present so much that is discouraging as you find among the same number crowded together in London.

The social life of our American people cannot be passed over in any attempt to look seriously at the points that need to be watched. We approach it timidly. We have seen more than one book of the "Élite" of a city. Society papers have grown up in the midst of our "republican simplicity." Many have obtained the wealth which is supposed to secure foremost social places. If there is fair home-training, with moral culture, especially religious principle, their children, or their children's children, will have the social powers for these high places. In the meantime they are imitators, and, as a general thing, the imitators imitate the worst, not the best, of their ideals. Many a youth has copied the nervous, dislocated style of Carlyle, who did not appreciate his thought. Doctor Candlish, of Edinburg, was a powerful reasoner and a forcible teacher in the pulpit. He had a curious way of jerking his body and shrugging his shoulders. The shrugging was imitated by some who fell far below the didactic model. So it is in our social life. The ways of Paris and other such places are, to some extent, our ideal. We do not take the best of them. To be true to the truth of things; to be sincere, like honey without wax in it; to be pure; to magnify, to conserve, and consecrate the home—these ought to be the aims of the best people. Are they so among us? Is the family keeping its sacred character? Did you, gentle reader, ever hear of any talk in London like this, from the lips of second-rate caterers to social pleasure: "Let us go over to America: those Yankees have got lots of money, and they don't know much"? Have you read much about the divorce court? Have you heard of a society in New England to war against its frightful patronage? It is of no use to tell me that in France, Spain, Italy, they have no divorce courts, and yet have immorality, illegitimacy, and kindred evils to a frightful degree.

We are not now discussing these lands and their ways, but the features of our own Christian, Protestant, American life. You can quote to us the well-known generalization about the decay of men where wealth grows. The wealth is growing among us, and is likely to grow. The question is, Are we to accept this generalization as we accept gravitation? or are we to fight against it, to quarantine permanently, if we can, the moral contagion, and to keep away from young men and maidens, from mothers and little children, the germs of disease that, developed, prove fatal to individual life, to domestic joy, and to the welfare of the community?

One serious word we venture to insert here. Unless the explorers of the earth and its inhabitants have misled us, no race or tribe of men has ever civilized itself. The force has come from outside, more or less rapidly, more or less definitely. And it is not too much to say that what is called "society" will never purify itself. It has no gospel, no decalogue, no divine power, no holy comforter within itself. Who can find these in the favorite haunts of the so-called "social world"? They are an outside thing to it. Their entrance into it would be an embarrassing intrusion. But there is a society in which these beneficent forces work. Their presence is its glory. That society is the Church of God, with the Saviour of men at its head, and the Blessed Spirit in its heart. The Church of Christ has to be the force outside "society," purifying the atmosphere, defining and shaming away the low and the unholy, lifting up the pure, and magnifying the good. Fidelity to her trust on the part of this other and better society is the one hope for our social life.

But we must not pass over the political element in our American life; yet we are not to be construed as pronouncing here upon, or in favor of, the Republican, the Democratic, the euphonious "Mugwump," or any other party. That men are born "free and equal," and that this involves a great deal, has been vividly set forth in the last issue of this REVIEW. But even the most lucid monosyllable, like "free," sometimes requires explanation and definition. It is easy to widen the meaning to the shutting-out not only of unjust human authority, but of all authority, human and divine. "One is our Master." "The powers that be are ordained of God." Parents are to be obeyed; so are magistrates. So they were to be, even when the people did not elect them by ballot. It follows that pains must be taken to teach those things that must needs enter into the political life of a free people. Take a single illustration. A self-

ordained prophet of the people harangues against the "greedy capitalists," and—without saying it in words—suggests that an *auto-da-fé* of them would be a pleasant and profitable spectacle. How many of his hearers think of well-known men, whom you could count on your fingers, as being the detestable capitalists? How many pause to think that Mrs. Smith, who saved money enough by dressmaking to set up a little store, is a capitalist to Miss Jones, who shows her wares and gets as good a salary as, by common consent in the town, can be given to this form of labor? The elements and the terms of political economy, then, should be taught in our schools. And so along fitting lines—if all men have a share in the making of laws and lawgivers—there should run some influences that would guide them and keep them from dangerous mistakes.

Among these influences we put the words, the works, the example of the intelligent and the well-to-do who "have no axe to grind" and no office to seek, for themselves or for their protégés. Is there not in many places practical indifference here? Is there not an inactivity that is not masterly, but that is feeble and craven, and that gives the mastery to the unworthy and the unprincipled? If the "primary" be allowed to issue its orders from the congenial atmosphere of a saloon, and the "caucus" comprehend the tramps and venal *habitués* of the corners; if the comfortable, intelligent, responsible citizens shrug their shoulders and say "What can we do?" and allow these "free and equal" gentlemen to rule, are they not, we respectfully ask, in a very unpatriotic manner bringing into contempt before the nations that which we rejoice in as our matchless heritage? Are they not turning our glory into shame?

There are difficulties, no doubt, in the way. But are they insuperable? If so, should we retain the system? If not, should we not face them? To conquer independence has been held to be a feat for which the fathers of the nation cannot be too highly praised. Will it be laudable in their sons to let that independence be so abused that on-lookers will say, with an air of classical contempt, "Better one tyrant than thirty"?

Now we come to the last element in our American life to be noticed here, namely, the religious. That religion has made progress among us will appear from the following comparison of the six most numerous Protestant bodies in 1776, with the same bodies in 1876. We give—to save our readers from bewilderment—only the ministers. The Baptists, in 1776, had 722 ministers. In 1876 they had

13,779. The Methodists, in 1776, had 24 ministers. In 1876 they had 20,453. The Presbyterians had 177 ministers in 1776. In 1876 they had 4,744. The Congregationalists, in 1776, had 575 ministers. In 1876 they had 3,333. In 1776 the Episcopalians had 150 ministers. In 1876 they had 3,216. The Lutherans had, in 1776, but 25 ministers. In 1876 they had 2,662. We do not stay to compare this growth with the growth of the population. Nor has this advance been checked by the events or movements of the last decade. According to an article in the *Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia*, from the pen of Doctor Schaff himself—and there are few more exact—the order of these denominations as to churches (and the ministers are in proportion) was as follows, in 1884:

Methodists,	41,271.
Baptists,	37,156.
Presbyterians,	11,783.
Lutherans,	6,130.
Congregationalists,	3,936.
Protestant Episcopalians,	3,109.

Unitarians and Universalists together have 1,081 congregations. Incidentally we may mention that the Roman Catholics are in the same year and return credited with 6,241 churches, thus coming in as fourth of the denominations. That they count all their people "members" (while other denominations only describe communicants so), and call them 6,832,954 (nearly double the communicants in the Baptist and Methodist churches) is not always noted, and many are misled in this way. It may modify such solicitude to remember that their own estimate of their numbers makes them only one-ninth of the population of the States. Including other and smaller denominations the nation had, in 1884, 115,610 congregations of professing Christians.

The proportion of living, spiritual Christians, among these great bodies, it is not wrong to presume, is as large as in other sections of Christendom. But ought that circumstance to satisfy us? We have no state control in any way impeding freedom of action and bringing the Church into the category of the earthly "powers that be." We have freedom of action in a more remarkable degree than is, probably, enjoyed by any other nation. We have remarkable elasticity of organization, so that in the most of these bodies exchange of pulpits and coöperation in good works encounter no serious obstacle. For all this we should be profoundly thankful.

But the greater our opportunities the heavier our responsibilities, and are there not weak points in our Church life? An eminent English ecclesiastic, who has had experience of both the Anglican and the Roman Church, is quoted as saying that ornamental books of devotion, theatrical music, and eloquent sermons have been, in his judgment, the great hinderances to piety. There may be a measure of colloquial playfulness in the remark. Have we erred in any of these ways? Have "eloquent sermons," for example, in the sense of rhetorical, philosophical, poetical, metaphysical discourses, superseded the lifting-up of the truth of the Bible in such sense that the messenger is little noticed in comparison with the message and the Sender of it? We have no "Established Church," to which it is in "good form" to belong; but have we no "climbers," who value the congregation by the number of steps it includes up the social ladder? Are there not too many whose verdict in an "experience meeting" on service, minister, and all, would be "perfectly lovely," and who would make little account of the sincerity, the solemnity of conscious dealing with Divinity, in fact, of the "spirit and truth" in which the INFINITE SPIRIT is to be learned from and adored?

The number and variety of our denominations are sometimes dwelt upon with strong deprecating language, as an immeasurable evil, and a necessary negation of the Saviour's prayer, "that they all may be one." Is there not some risk of over-statement here? The States and Territories of our nation are now all one. A godly man might well have prayed that "they all might be one"—States or people—in the dark days of twenty-five years ago. He might, five years later, have given thanks, he might to-day give God thanks, that "they are again one," notwithstanding different names of States and Territories, different conditions and forms of internal machinery, and difference of State laws. A child, indeed, might say: "But the churches should have one head, as the States have one President." The analogy is strained. When we come together in an Evangelical Alliance, we, too, have presidents chosen by the members, whose duty it is to nominate officers, and promote the order and efficiency of the whole. But in the deeper sense we have one Head, real, living, loving, and present with us, according to his word—"alway, even unto the end." He is the Lord Jesus, the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls. He is so real and so near that he has no alternate, substitute, or visible representative. His people walk by faith, en-

dure as seeing him who is invisible, and are one in this that they have the one Lord, the one faith, and the one baptism.

In an earnest and well-intentioned article in the last issue of this REVIEW, there is a careful restatement of a recent movement made by one of the denominations—the smallest, as it happens, of those named above—to get rid of this evil of diverse organization, by a "reunion" process, the details of which are described and urged on all readers. It is of little account, of course, a mere matter of words, but the desired amalgamation would not be exactly a "reunion." These bodies are not the broken fragments of an organization which once included them all. When were Presbyterians a part of the Anglican Church? How could there be reunion? The Lutherans might put the same question. So might that estimable body, the Reformed Dutch Church. One must not take up the notion, from such loose phraseology as is often used, that the Anglican Church came out at the Reformation as the body including all Protestants, and that the other denominations are broken segments from her, which she would now, if allowed, kindly, and in the new spirit of concession, reunite. She was one of several churches—that of Holland, that of Switzerland, that of Scotland, with independent organization and distinctive characteristics, the ordination and standing of whose ministers she acknowledged in her earlier days. How the influence of Laud and of other kindred forces changed her attitude toward them it is not necessary here to show.

But, returning to the proposed terms of "reunion," they are four in number. First, all are to take the Scriptures as the word of God. Those who like to attach an "equal or kindred authority" to the Apocrypha can do so. So can they who regard "Catholic tradition as of equal value with Scripture." Secondly, all must accept the Nicene Creed, retaining or procuring as many catechisms, articles, or confessions as they wish, that do not contradict it. The third term is the use of the two sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. If any church desires to count confirmation or marriage a sacrament, why, let it, only not foregoing these two; and if it wishes to hold and teach the "real presence," or baptismal regeneration, there will be no difficulty. In this connection, and in relation to the sacraments, the writer makes a statement which is not, we think, exact as to most of the other churches: "the widest differences of view in regard to them obtain, even among the members of the same communion." Some hold the elements to be bread

and wine all through, and the benefits to be dependent "not on anything in them or in him that administers them." The "widest" divergence from this scriptural view is to make the elements something that should be worshipped, and the efficacy of the sacrament to depend on the minister. We do not believe that any such "wide difference" exists in any one of the churches invited.

The terms of reunion ask for no liturgy of any kind. To put concisely what is there put at length, the Episcopal Church, hitherto the "greatest stickler for these things," declares by "her highest officers" that she will no longer keep up "this wall of division, as she has no right to insist on any non-essential." She will, in fact, allow the various churches she desires to draw in, that prefer their present plan, to hold to it.

Then comes the fourth term, which, divested of all diplomatic language, is that all the ministers of the other churches should come to her bishops and receive ordination, which they would make as simple as possible. To make this step as easy to the sixty or seventy thousand non-episcopal ministers as it can be, the writer modifies his language, and says this would not be "the absorption of other bodies into one of those already existing," but "the formation of a new body." When the authorities of the Protestant Episcopal Church agree to a statement of that kind; when the genial writer, who bears so good a name, can bring his brethren to endorse that view—that the Anglican Church drop her distinctions, melt into the mass of ordinary Christians, and come out as a part of the new whole, only with an "historic episcopate" (chosen or secured, we do not quite see how), then we shall consider the matter seriously. Is not the unbroken continuity of the succession now a vital element with many? The writer deems the "historic episcopate" essential to "reunion." It is sometimes pleasant to get a nice phrase, if nobody will pry into the meaning of it. "Episcopate" means, in the overture and in this article, a body of ministers superior to the rest, by whom the rest would be ordained. What is "historic"? It means pertaining to, contained in, representing, history. It is employed, we presume, as conveying the idea that this episcopate has been in history all the time. Well, suppose it has. Is there not a historic monarchy? Are not Cæsar and Herod both in the New Testament? Are there not duties to Cæsar? But we have parted with the historic monarchy. Did we sin therein? The Apocrypha has been there quite as long. Why let go the "historic" Apocrypha? Why

insist on keeping this episcopate because it is so long in history, and reject other things just as long there? There is no evidence, according to Dean Stanley, Bishop Lightfoot, and others, to sustain the belief in such an episcopate in the apostolic church. It came in the sub-apostolic church. This is the only sense in which it is "historic." But on the same ground we have the historic "priest," the historic "absolution," the historic "penance," the historic "monk," the historic "fathers" and "traditions," taken "by many as of equal value with Scripture," as the writer tells. Nay, we have (it is only a difference in degree, not in kind) the historic Pope, and the historic claim to universal supremacy, and the historic anathema against all—including the Protestant Episcopal Church—who do not submit to it. Are we to take for ourselves, or allow among our brethren in the same diocese, or Presbytery, or association, these "historic" matters? Should we be any more one than now, if we did? We have a reasonable amount of order now; then we should have chaos.

No; we stand up for the scriptural episcopate, the episcopate of New Testament history; and if there be brethren beloved, holding fast the truth, the evangelical truth, though they do not constitute presbyteries as we do, we shall work with them, pray with them, exchange pulpits with them, administer and partake of the sacraments with them, be in "Evangelical Alliance" with them, all of them, Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Congregationalists—and Episcopalians too, if they will only recognize our historic presbytery, such as laid its hands on Timothy. And on this line we solemnly believe will better thrive our American religious life than on the foregoing, or on any such, plan of "reunion."

We have given to this Church question what some may deem a disproportionate space. But is not the Church bound by her nature and charter to be the strongest formative force in the life of the nation? Is she not to tell upon educational progress, upon commercial aims and methods, upon social influences, and upon politics? Is it not her mission to elevate teaching, to inculcate honesty, to purify society, and to infuse high motive into the men who choose rulers, and into the rulers chosen, for whom she lifts up her voice in prayer? What affects her, therefore, tells on the nation, and every intelligent patriot must desire the growth of her purity and of her power.

JOHN HALL.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND BRITISH PIRATES.

I.

A PRIVATE LETTER AND A PUBLIC POSTSCRIPT.

MY DEAR MATTHEWS:

Come, now, what your cause needs is, that some apparent sufferer shall say a fair word for the other side. That complaint which cannot hunt up a dissenting voice anywhere is out of luck. A thing which is all good or all bad is properly an object of suspicion in this world; we get a sort of impression that it is off its beat; that it belongs in the next world, above or below—climate not suited to it here.

English pirates have hurt me somewhat; how much, I do not know. But, on the other hand, English *law* has helped me vastly. Can any foreign author of books say that about American law? You know he can't.

Look at the matter calmly, reasonably. As I infer, from what you say about your article, your complaint is, that American authors are pirated in England. Well, whose fault is that? It is nobody's but the author's. England furnishes him a perfect remedy; if he does not choose to take advantage of it, let him have self-respect enough to retire to the privacy of his cradle, not sit out on the public curbstone and cry. To-day the American author can go to Canada, spend three days there, and come home with an English and Canadian copyright which is as strong as if it had been built out of railroad iron. If he does not make this trip and do this thing, it is a confession that he does not think his foreign market valuable enough to justify the expense of securing it by the above process. Now it may turn out that that book is presently pirated in London. What then? Why, simply this: the pirate has paid that man a compliment; he has thought more of the book than the man thought of it himself. And doubtless the man is not pecuniarily injured, since the pirate would probably not have offered anything for the book if it had been copyrighted, but would merely have left it in oblivion and unpublished.

I believe, and it stands to reason, that all the American books that are pirated in these latter days in England are of the complimentary sort, and that the piracies work no computable injury to the author's pocket; and I also believe that if this class of books should be copyrighted henceforth, their publication over there would cease, and then all the loss would fall upon the authors, since they wouldn't be any better off, as regards money, than they were before, and would lose their compliment besides.

I think we are not in a good position to throw bricks at the English pirate. We haven't any to spare. We need them to throw at the American Congress; and at the American author, who neglects his great privileges and then tries to hunt up some way to throw the blame upon the only nation in the world that is magnanimous enough to say to him: "While you are the guest of our laws and our flag, you shall not be robbed."

All the books which I have published in the last fifteen years are protected by English copyright. In that time I have suffered pretty heavily in temper and pocket from imperfect copyright laws; but they were American, not English. I have no quarrel over there.

Yours sincerely,

MARK TWAIN.

P. S. (of the feminine sort). I wrote the above (but have concluded not to mail it directly to you) in answer to your letter asking me for facts and statistics concerning English piracies of my books. I had to guess at the probable nature of your NEW PRINCETON article from what you said of it. But I sent out for it this morning, and have read it through. Why, dear, dear distorted mind, I am amazed at you. You stand recorded in the directory, "Brander Matthews, lawyer, 71 Broadway." By your article I half suspected that you were a lawyer, and so I went to the directory to see. It seemed to me that only a lawyer—an old lawyer—a callous, leathery, tough old lawyer—could have the superb pluck to venture into court with such a ragged case as yours is. Why, dear soul, you haven't a leg to stand on, anywhere. I have known you long, and loved you always; but you must let me be frank and say, you haven't a fact that cannot be amply offset by the other side, you haven't an argument that cannot be promptly turned against you.

To start with, you wander a little off to one side of your real case, to tell the world that a couple of reverend British reprobates have

been plagiarizing—stealing—from American books. That is a telling fact—if American preachers never steal. But, dear sir, they do. Take this case. E. H. House spends twelve or thirteen years in Japan; becomes exhaustively versed in Japanese affairs; coins these riches into an admirable article, and prints it in the *Atlantic* six years ago, under the title, "The Martyrdom of an Empire." This present year, Rev. James King Newton, A. M., "Professor of Modern Languages, Oberlin College," confers upon the literary museum of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* a crazy-quilt which he wordily names, "Obligations of the United States to Initiate a Revision of Treaties between the Western Powers and Japan." This queer work is made up of rags and scraps of sense and nonsense, sham and sincerity, theft and butter-mouthed piousness, modesty and egotism, facts and lies, knowledge and ignorance, first-rate English and fortieth-rate English, wind and substance, dignity and paltriness, and all through the air about it you seem to catch the soft clear note of flutes and birds, mingled with the wild weird whoopjamboreehoo of the embattled jackass. Now, part of that strange article is original. The rest of it was "smouched" from House's *Atlantic* paper. Will you have a sample?

Atlantic Monthly, May, 1881.

The first effective commercial treaty with Japan was draughted by him in 1858, upon terms which, in general, were not disadvantageous to the unsophisticated people with whom he was dealing.

If he had taken the precaution to insure the absolute expiration of the treaty and its appendages at a proper date, all would have resulted as he desired.

The working of the treaty has proved flagrantly injurious to Japan and proportionately favorable to the foreign powers—exceptionally favorable to England, that country having the most extensive trade connection.

Precisely what this country intended to accomplish by that imposing deed it would be difficult to say. What it did accomplish, etc.

Bibliotheca Sacra, January, 1887.

Mr. Harris made our first commercial treaty in 1858, upon terms which, in general, were reasonable, in an experimental treaty, and not disadvantageous to the unsophisticated people with whom he was dealing.

If he had taken the precaution to insure the absolute expiration of the treaty and its appendages at some definite time, all would have resulted according to his honest intention.

The working of the treaties has proved most disastrous to Japan, and proportionately favorable to the western powers; exceptionally so to England, as she has the largest trade connections.

Precisely what our government intended to accomplish by the imposing deed of opening Japan, it would be difficult to say. What it did accomplish, etc.

There you have four samples. I could give you twenty-four

more, if they were needed, to show how exactly Mr. Newton can repeat slathers and slathers of another man's literature without ever missing a trick, when the police ain't around. You can get that thing if you would like to look at it. Brer Newton has issued it in pamphlet form, at a Boston admirer's expense; and has printed up in the corner of the cover, "With the Author's Compliments"—meaning House, per'aps.

But then, we are all thieves, and it wasn't worth your while to go out of your way to call particular attention to a couple of reverend British ones.

However, right away you come down to business, and open up your real case. You say: "In 1876, Longfellow" complained that he had been pirated by twenty-two publishers. Did he mean, *after* England had offered him and the rest of us protection, and was standing always ready to make her offer good?

Next, "in 1856, Hawthorne"—some more ancient history. You follow it with more and more and more examples—of ancient history; ancient history, and, properly and righteously, out of court. By no fairness can they be cited in this modern time; by no legitimate pretext can they be summoned to testify in this case of yours. What you are complaining about, what you are making all this trouble about, is a bitter grievance which passed out of this world and into its eternal grave more than fifteen years ago. When I say eternal, I mean, of course, if you will let it alone. Matthews, it is a dead issue—utterly dead, and legally forgotten—and I don't believe that even you can aggravate Parliament into resurrecting it, though you certainly do seem to be doing your level best in that direction.

Now, honestly, as between friend and friend, what could ever have put it into your head to hunt out such a grotesquely barren text for a magazine article? *We* are doing all the pirating in these days; the English used to be in the business, but they dropped out of it long ago. Just look at yourself and your fantastic complaint by the light of allegory. Suppose one of those big Mohammedan slave-dealers in the interior of Africa, lashing his yoked caravan of poor naked creatures through jungle and forest, should turn his grieved attention to us, and between his lashings and thrashings passionately upbraid us with the reminder that "in 1856," and other years and seasons of a hoary and odious antiquity, we used to own our brother human beings, and used to buy them and sell them, lash them, thrash them, break their piteous hearts—and we ought

to be ashamed of ourselves, so we ought! What should we answer? What should we say to him? What would *you* say to him concerning so particularly dead an issue as that?—as a lawyer, that is, strictly as a lawyer. I do not know what you would say, but I know what you *could* say. You could say: "Let me take that obsolete case of yours into court; my hand is in, I have been handling one that is just like it—the twin to it, in fact."

In your dozen pages you mention a great many injured American authors, and a great many pirated American books. Now here is a thing which is the exact truth about all of those books and all of those authors: such of the books as were issued before England allowed us copyright, suffered piracy without help; and at the very same time, *five times as many* English books suffered piracy without help on our side of the water. The one fact offsets the other; and the honors are easy—the rascalities, I mean. But, such of those American books as were issued *after* England allowed us copyright, and yet suffered piracy, suffered it by their authors' own fault, not England's nor anybody else's. Their injuries are of their own creation, and they have no shadow of right to set up a single whimper. Why, I used to furnish a sick child in West Hartford with gratis milk; do you know, that cub's mother wasn't satisfied, but wanted me to come over there and warm it? I may be out in my calculations, but I don't believe England is going to warm the milk for this nursery over here.

Great Scott, what arguments you do set up! John Habberton writes *Helen's Babies;* could have English-copyrighted it; didn't; it was pirated, and he thinks he has something to complain about. What, for instance?—that they didn't warm the milk? He issued other books; took out no foreign copyrights, same as before; is pirated from Canada to Australia, and thinks he has something to complain about, once more. Oh, good land! However, "warned by his early experience, he"—does what? Attempts an evasion of the English law, and gets left. Pardon the slang, it does seem to fit in so handy there. With that attempted evasion in one's mind, the neat bit of sarcasm which Habberton fillips at the morals of "the average British publisher" loses some trifle of its bloom, don't you think?

Consider! Right in the midst of all your and Habberton's discontent and animadversion, you placidly give your cause a deadly stab under the fifth rib, and you don't seem to notice that you have done

it at all; you meander right along, fretting the same as before. I refer to this remark of yours—and where you forgot to italicize, I have supplied the defect: "The English courts have held that under certain circumstances prior publication in Great Britain *will give an author copyright in England, whatever his nationality may be.*" How could you set down this great, big, generous fact, this fact which offers its fine and gracious hospitalities, without equivalent or even thank-you, to the swindled scribe of all the climes the sun in his course shines upon—even to you yourself—how could you set it down, and not uncover in its magnificent presence? How could you set it down, and not be smitten with a large and sudden realization of the contrast between its open broad palm and the stingy clinched fist of your own country? How could you look it in the face—that friendly, fresh, wholesome, hearty, welcoming, modern countenance—and go on throwing stale mud over its head at its predecessor, an old kiln-dried, moss-backed, bug-eaten, antediluvian mummy that wasn't doing anything to you, and couldn't if it had wanted to? How could you? You are the very wrong-headedest person in America. I tell it you for your own solace. Why, man, you—well, you are geometrically color-blind; you can't see the proportions of things. And you are injudicious. Don't you know that as long as you've got a goitre that you have to trundle around on a wheelbarrow you can't divert attention from it by throwing bricks at a man that's got a wart on the back of his ear? Those blacklegs in Congress keep us furnished with the prize goitre of the moral and intellectual world, and the thing for you to do is to let the wart-wearers strictly alone.

Well, next you cite another case like Habberton's. "Under certain circumstances," as you have said, the protection of the English law was free to both of these authors. You well know that it was their plain duty to find out what those "circumstances" were. They didn't do it, they exploited some smart ostensibilities instead, and their copyright failed. Those "circumstances" are quite simple and explicit, and quite easy to inform one's self about. It follows, and is a fact, that those sufferers had just themselves to blame, and nobody else.

I wonder what *would* satisfy some people. You are an American, I believe; in fact, I know you are. If you want to copyright a book, here at home, what must you do? This: you must get your title-page printed on a piece of paper; enclose it to the Librarian of

Congress; apply to him, in writing, for a copyright; and send him a cash fee. That is what you, personally, have to do; the rest is with your publisher. What do you have to do in order to get the same book copyrighted in England? You are hampered by no bothers, no details of any kind whatever. When you send your manuscript to your English publisher, you tell him the date appointed for the book to issue here, and trust him to bring it out there a day ahead. Isn't that simple enough? No letter to any official; no title-page to any official; no fee to anybody; and yet that book has a copyright on it which the Charleston earthquake couldn't unsettle. "Previous publication" in Great Britain of an American book secures perfect copyright; to "previously publish" all but the tail-end of a book in America, and then "previously publish" that mere tail-end in Great Britain, has what effect? Why, it copyrights that tail-end, of course. Would any person in his right mind imagine that it would copyright any more than that? Mr. Habberton seems to have imagined that it would. Mr. Habberton knows better now.

Let the rest of your instances pass. They are but repetitions. There isn't an instance among your antiquities that has any bearing upon your case, or shadow of right to be cited in it—unless you propose to try a corpse, for crimes committed upon other corpses. Living issue you have none, nor even any spectral semblance of any. Your modern instances convict your clients of not knowing enough to come in when it rains. From your first page to your last one, you do not chance to get your hands on a single argument that isn't a boomerang. And finally, to make your curious work symmetrical and complete, you rest from your pitiless lathering of the bad English publisher, and fall to apologizing to him—and, apparently, to the good one, too, I don't know why: "At bottom, the publishers, good or bad, *are not to blame.*" You are right, for once, perfectly right; they are not to blame—to-day; if they commit a piracy in these days, nine-tenths of the sin belongs with the American author. And since you perceive that they are not to blame, what did you blame them for? If you were going to take it all back, why didn't you take it back earlier, and not write it at all? Hang it, you are not logical. Do you think that to lather a man all through eleven pages and then tell him he isn't to blame after all, is treating yourself right? Why no, it puts you in such a rickety position. I read it to the cat—well, *I* never saw a cat carry on so before.

But, of course, somebody or something was to blame. You were

in honor bound to make that fact clear, or you couldn't possibly excuse yourself for raising all this dust. Now, I will give any rational man 400,000 guesses, and go bail that he will run short before he has the luck to put his finger on the place where you locate that blame. Now listen—and try to rise to the size of this inspired verdict of yours: "*It is the condition of* THE LAW *which is at fault.*" (*!*) Upon my life, I have never heard anything to begin with the gigantic impudence of that. The cat—but never mind the cat; the cat is dead; a cat can't stand everything. "*The remedy is to* CHANGE THE LAW"—and then you go owling along, just as if there was never anything more serious in this world than the stupefying nonsense you are talking. Change the law? Change it? In what way, pray? A law which gives us absolutely unassailable and indestructible copyright at cost of not a single penny, not a moment of time, not an iota of trouble, not even the bother of *asking* for it! Change it? How are you going to change it? Matthews, I am your friend, and you know it; and that is what makes me say what I do say: you want a change of air, or you'll be in the asylum the first thing you know.

MARK TWAIN.

II.

AN OPEN LETTER TO CLOSE A CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR MR. CLEMENS:

Since you confess that you wrote your letter before reading my paper in the NEW PRINCETON REVIEW for September, I trust that you will excuse me if I leave it unanswered and confine my reply wholly to your eloquent Postscript. This I have read and re-read with growing astonishment. I had thought that the purpose of my paper was so plain that the wayfaring man, though a wit, could not misunderstand me. I am surprised and sorry at once, that you in Hartford and Mr. Andrew Lang in London, good fellows both, and both good friends of mine, should think that I would try to retard the cause we all have at heart, by calling names and by holding the British publisher up to scorn in America. Certainly, such was not my aim. It is a pretty poor quarrel in which "You're another!" is a useful retort; and nothing was further from my intent than a vulgar *tu quoque.*

The paper on "American Authors and British Pirates" had a double purpose. It was designed, first of all, to point out to our

kin across the sea that there were wrongs on both sides of the Atlantic, and therefore that a more moderate tone was becoming than our British cousins are wont to adopt when their kindness moves them to dwell on our deficiencies. Those who seek equity must do equity. I doubt whether you will let a lawyer quote Scripture, or I would mate this legal maxim with a text: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." I tried to show that if the British acted up to this principle they could never raise a cairn over the grave of any American pirate. I desired to suggest to the mob of gentlemen who write with ease in the English reviews, that justice, like charity, had best begin at home. I knew that the beam in the British eye did not prevent its seeing the mote in ours, but I believed that it could take a clearer view, were it to remove its own *muscæ volantes*.

Secondly, and indeed chiefly, the paper was an appeal to the people of the United States to do what was right by the authors of Great Britain, that England might do what was right by American authors. The sting of my article, as of your Postscript, lay in the tail thereof. I began by saying that although we could all see the great wrong done to English authors by American pirates, only a few of us had occasion to consider the great wrong done to American authors by British pirates; but I ended by declaring that the condition of the law was at fault in both countries, and that the remedy was to change the law so that the writers of Great Britain and of the United States should control their own books on both sides of the Atlantic alike, thus giving to the English author the hire of which he is worthy, and thus relieving the American author from the fear of piracy abroad, and from the competition with stolen goods at home. At bottom, my paper was a plea for broader and firmer justice to the writers of our language from the people of both countries. Since I have received your brilliant Postscript I have read my paper over very carefully, and I am more than ever puzzled to guess how you came thus hopelessly to misapprehend my meaning. Heine said he had a watch which, from being much with pawnbrokers, contracted certain Jewish habits, and would not go on the Sabbath; and it has struck me that perhaps you are now so well pleased with English law that you have insensibly fallen into English ways of thought.

You have sought to weaken my argument by calling me a lawyer, although it seems to me that it is you, rather than I, in whom is

seen a heat in debate, as though acting under the old instructions: "No case—abuse plaintiff's attorney." You have cast discredit on my evidence as old and outlawed. Your attitude is like that of Mr. H. Rider Haggard, the author of certain strange tales of battle, murder, and sudden death, who writes to the London *Times* that "public opinion in this country [England] runs too strongly against such doubtful performances"—the piracies about which I had written. Now here I join issue with you and with Mr. Haggard. I think it is right and proper and needful that somebody should draw attention to the frequent misdeeds of certain British publishers of the baser sort. The instances presented in the NEW PRINCETON REVIEW for September were old, some of them, and new, not a few. Since they have seen the light of print, fresh facts have been coming to me from every side. The number of American authors who have suffered from British pirates is far greater than I had supposed; and their sufferings are not yet ancient history. The Black Flag still flies alongside the Union Jack—as it does also, alas! by the side of the Stars and Stripes.

Perhaps you will pardon me if I call a few witnesses. Some of them, it is true, will testify only to that Complimentary Piracy which you seem to think a young author must needs find most gratifying. Some of them will bear witness to the barbaric fondness of the British pirate for mutilating his victims. A neighbor of yours in Hartford, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, tells me that he had arranged with an English house to issue *Back-Log Studies*, but "about a week before the publication Ward, Lock & Tyler published a cheap (shilling) edition, called *Back-Log Studies*, and made up from the papers that had appeared in *Scribner's*." About half of Mr Warner's work had not been published serially, and this half was omitted from the piratical edition. The matter reprinted from *Scribner's* was, however, "padded out with other stuff of mine, found in the magazines, which had nothing to do with the book."

Professor William Mathews writes me that he found, in the "Friendly Counsel Series" of Ward, Lock & Tyler, an edition of his *Getting On in the World*, containing less than half of the work, without a hint to the public of the mutilation to which it had been subjected. After referring to other piracies from which he has suffered, he adds that "Hamilton, Adams & Co. republished, in 1879, my book on *Oratory and Orators;* and another London house published a garbled edition of the same work, with an introduction

by some Doctor-of-Laws whose name I cannot recollect. Neither of these houses has recognized in any way my property in the work. Of the two offences, theft is, I think, less vexatious than mutilation of the children of one's brain." I believe that the American pirate, as a rule, kills his man by a shot through the heart, but the British pirate often uses an explosive bullet and lets his victim linger in agony.

Mrs. Champney's fanciful tale, *The Bubbling Teapot*, describes the adventures of a child in the different countries of the world, the moral being that, after all, the American child has the best of it. A British edition of this book has been issued, with "England" substituted for "America" throughout its pages—thus anglicizing the story in accordance with a spirit which I should call parochial, if I had not at hand a politer epithet, insular.

Two of the most widely read of American novelists, Miss Anna K. Green and Mr. E. P. Roe, have been extensively pirated in England. In Canada, in a single shop, Mr. Roe saw six rival reprints of one of his novels; and it is from Canada also that he received "*Give Me Thine Heart!* A novel by Rev. E. P. Roe, author of *Barriers Burnt Away*, *Opening of a Chestnut Burr*, etc. Complete. Toronto: J. Ross Robertson." Mr. Roe writes me that this "is indeed 'complete'—as complete a fraud as could be perpetrated. So far from authorizing J. Ross Robertson (whoever he may be) to publish this novel, I never remember to have heard of him till I saw his imprint; so far from writing the novel *Give Me Thine Heart*, I had never even seen it, nor had I known of its existence until it was sent to me." Mr. Roe desires me to state that Ward, Lock & Tyler are now dealing as fairly with him as the lack of law will permit—a statement which I am very glad to make, as it is the only word I have yet heard in favor of this firm. I see on their list ten books alleged to be by "Mark Twain," including *Eye-Openers*, *Screamers*, *Practical Jokes*, and other works of yours bearing titles with which we unfortunate Americans have not been allowed to become familiar. I wonder if you have seen them all; and I should like very much to know how you like this sort of Complimentary Piracy when it is practised on yourself.

Mr. George Haven Putnam, the publisher of all of Miss Anna K. Green's books, has shown me lists of half a dozen pirated reprints of her more popular tales. As yet the author of *The Leavenworth Case* has received no money from England for that successful story; nor

any money at all from any English publisher, except within the past year from a single house. Mr. Putnam has also shown me a portly tome called *Humorous Gems of American Literature*, recently published in London by George Routledge & Sons. This is an unauthorized reprint of *Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature*, edited by Mr. E. T. Mason. With a contagious humor, the British pirate has even reprinted Mr. Mason's preface, in which he thanks American authors and publishers for having kindly allowed him to use copyrighted matter. Thus it is made to appear that Routledge & Sons, in London, have asked and obtained a consent in reality obtained only by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, in New York. Perhaps you would call this also a Complimentary Piracy; but I think you will enjoy the fine moral sense which prompted the British publishers to steal even the courteous acknowledgments of the American editor. When Mr. R. L. Stevenson went a-travelling with a donkey, he heard much about one Chayla, the Archpriest of the Cevennes in the troublous times; and he recorded that this Chayla "was a conscientious person, who seems to have been intended by nature for a pirate." I think it must be a conscientious person connected with the family of this Chayla who republished not only Mr. Mason's useful collection but even his honest preface.

"A book of mine, called *Common Sense about Women*, was published in Boston in 1881," so Colonel Higginson writes me, "and I heard incidentally some months afterwards that a copy of an English reprint of it had been received at the Boston Public Library. On looking at this, I found that it had been issued by a London publisher named Sonnenschein, and I noticed that it seemed a much smaller book than the original work. On comparison, it proved that of the original one hundred and four brief chapters, more than one-third had been omitted, so that only sixty-five remained. In regard to eight chapters, the reason of omission was apparently that they referred especially to the principles or traditions of government in this country, and were therefore less appropriate for English readers; but the thirty-one other omitted chapters seemed to be dropped out at random, simply to make a smaller book. The injury done to the work was not so great as if the chapters had been closely continuous, which they were not; but they were nevertheless arranged and grouped so as to make, in some sense, a continuous whole, and I actually saw myself criticised in English newspapers for having omitted certain important considerations which had yet been carefully included by me in the authorized edition. A full and rather complimentary review of the book appeared in the *Westminster Review* at the time; but it was founded on this garbled copy, not on the full text.

"My natural impulse was to endeavor, through literary friends in London, to secure a reprint of the original work; but they were assured by publishers that no one would be willing to undertake that after an abridged edition had, as they expressed it, 'killed the market.' I was thus left without redress; and from the fact that I have seen a third edition of my book, printed by Mr. Sonnenschein in 1884, I

cannot even have the satisfaction of thinking that he lost money by his venture. I do not know whether any other edition of it has appeared in England, but as it bore no external marks of being a reprint, it may naturally have passed for the work of an English author, and have been supposed to be copyrighted.

"On comparing notes with others I have heard so many parallel instances that my individual wrong has seemed hardly worth urging. The fault of the present anomalous state of things rests more, in a general way, with our own country than with England; but when it comes to the direct offences of publishers, it is my conviction that the Englishmen are twice as culpable. The American publishers, if unauthorized, usually steal the purse alone; but the English publisher filches the good name, by his garbled editions."

Now, if I understand your Postscript—and I think it even harder to misunderstand than my paper seems to have been—you think that the American author has no longer any cause of complaint. You declare that "the English used to be in the business [of piracy], but they dropped out of it long ago." Most of the instances I have just given of the theft and mutilation of American books by British publishers have happened within the past few years, and since the time when you say this "bitter grievance passed out of this world and into its eternal grave." You maintain that these books suffered piracy "by their author's own fault, not England's, nor anybody else's." By this you mean, I take it, that the fault is the American author's and not the British pirate's. You seem to say that the American author alone is guilty, and that the British pirate is not even *particeps criminis*. After studying this passage of your Postscript, I can now better appreciate the force you lent to the arguments of Tom Sawyer, when you made him plead with Joe Harper not to be a hermit; after listening to Tom, Joe "conceded that there were some conspicuous advantages about a life of crime, and so consented to be a pirate."

You have called me a lawyer, and I regret greatly that I cannot return the compliment. If I could, I think there would have been no beginning to this discussion. The training of the law-school teaches us to consider a law broadly in all its bearings, to examine its working under different circumstances, to discover its effect not only on ourselves but on others, to determine whether its benefits and its hardships are distributed equally and equitably. And this—if you will allow me to say so—this is exactly what you have not done. Because the present British law protects you to your own satisfaction, you ask no more. You are even eager to declare it the best of all possible laws. Because you have been able to make your team

safe by a new patent lock, you are ready to blame rather the carelessness of those who leave their stable-doors open than the wickedness of the horse-thieves or the lax public opinion which makes horse-stealing possible.

What we desire from Great Britain is the enactment of a law which will give full copyright to every American book exactly as if its author were a British subject. From your Postscript it may fairly be inferred that you believe that this is what we have now. That we have not anything like this appears plainly enough on a strict examination of the English decisions by which the law was declared.

In the case of Jefferies *vs.* Boosey (4 H. of L. C., 815), heard in 1854, it was held that the object of the act 8 Anne (c. 19) was to encourage literature among British subjects, which description includes such foreigners as by residence in the United Kingdom owe the crown a temporary allegiance; and any such foreigner first publishing his work in the United Kingdom is entitled to the protection of the act, if he is anywhere in the British dominions at the time of publication, even though he came there solely with a view to this protection. Under this decision an American, having arranged for the publication of his book in London before it appeared in New York, and being in Canada when the book was issued in London, could protect the book as though he were a British subject.

Fourteen years later this doctrine may have received an extension. In 1868 the case of Routledge *vs.* Low (on appeal from Low *vs.* Routledge) was heard (3 H. L., L. R., 100), and the ruling in Jefferies *vs.* Boosey was affirmed, if not extended. In 1864 Miss Cummins, the author of the once popular novel *The Lamplighter*, made arrangements with Low to publish in London her new novel, *Haunted Hearts;* and, to avail herself of the privilege accorded by the ruling in Jefferies *vs.* Boosey, she went to Canada and remained there until after the book was issued in London. Routledge pirated *Haunted Hearts*, and Low sued out an injunction; then, in time, the case went to the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor rendered the decision of the court continuing the injunction, and thus protecting Miss Cummins. The Lord Chancellor went further; he thought that the act of 5 and 6 Victoria broadened the act of 8 Anne, and he said: "In my opinion the protection is given to every author who publishes in the United Kingdom, wheresoever that author may be resident or of whatever State he may be subject." As Miss Cummins had been resident in the British dominions at the time of the

publication of her book in London, the case did not turn on this point, and these remarks of Lord Cairns are *obiter dicta.* They were not altogether acceptable to all of the Lord Chancellor's associates. Lord Cranworth dissented somewhat, but thought "it a reasonable inference from the provisions of the Act that its benefits are conferred on all persons resident in any part of her Majesty's dominions, whether aliens or natural-born subjects, who, while so resident, first publish their works in the United Kingdom." Lord Chelmsford, with sincere respect for the Lord Chancellor's opinion, doubted whether it was well founded, although in the present case the residence of Miss Cummins in Canada was sufficient to confer on her "the same title to copyright upon the first publication of her work in England as a similar residence in the United Kingdom would have done." Lord Westbury agreed with Lord Cairns. Lord Colonsay had no doubt that "to obtain the protection of copyright the first publication must be within the United Kingdom," but he refused to express any opinion as to the necessity of residence, as a ruling on this point was not essential to a decision on the case before them.

From these two cases it appears that an American author can secure copyright in England by arranging with an English publisher to issue his book in the United Kingdom a day before it appears in the United States, and by being in Canada when his book is published in England. This much is certain. And it appears possible, and perhaps even probable, that the same protection may be claimed by prior publication in England, without a trip to Canada. But this is uncertain and insecure; there is as yet no decision on this question; and no case turning on this point has yet been taken to the highest court. Until such a case has been argued before the House of Lords there is no knowing how it will be decided when the question is finally raised. And when we make any assumption as to the possible or probable decision of any such case, we leave the solid ground of ascertained law for the quaking quagmire of hypothesis. If an American author wishes to make sure of an English copyright, there is only one course for him to pursue: he must publish his book in the United Kingdom before he publishes it in America, and he must be in the British dominions when it is so published in the United Kingdom.

If you will read your Postscript again, you will find that your statement of the law does not materially differ from mine, although,

being a lawyer, I have been obliged to avoid the varying inconsistency which enables you to say, in one paragraph, that the American author, to get a copyright in England, must go to Canada (just as though he were a fugitive alderman), and in another paragraph to insist that the English law now gives copyright to American authors "at cost of not a single penny, not a moment of time, not an iota of trouble." A trip to Canada costs at least an iota of trouble; and even if you succeed in evading the provisions of the Interstate-Commerce Law and travel on a pass, so that you do not spend a penny, it will take more than a moment of time.

You are wrong again in saying that England is "the only nation in the world that is magnanimous enough" to grant this, for France has granted a great deal more, not only to us, but to all the peoples of the world. The French law makes absolutely no distinction between the native and the foreigner. The British are a commercial people, like ourselves, and it is idle to expect from them the ethical delicacy or the fine feeling for legal logic which we find in the French. I have no desire to underestimate the importance of the privilege accorded to the American author by this British law—a law far in advance of anything yet enacted in America for the protection of the English author—more's the pity! It is a step in the right direction, and I wish we Americans would take as long a stride. We protect already the stage-right of the English dramatist, and I can see no reason why we should not also protect the copyright of the English novelist.

But, although this British law is a very good thing as far as it goes, it does not go far enough—it does not go as far as you seem to think. I am afraid that your feminine Postscript shows that you have fallen into another feminine habit: you have judged others by yourself. Because the law suits you well enough, you think that it is equally satisfactory to all. A trip to Canada is an easy thing for you, who live in Hartford, and who are rich enough to

"Endow a college or a cat."

It is not as easy for a poor author who may chance to live in Florida or in Texas. Prior publication in England is an easy thing for you, who can have half the publishers in England bidding for the honor and the profit of putting their imprint on your next book. It is not as easy for a young author, unknown to fame and to English publishers, modestly sending forth his first book, and doubting

whether it is worth printing or whether he has not been a fool for his pains.

The law which you like protects the books of an author of assured popularity—and that this is a great gain, an enormous gain, I have no desire to deny—but it does not protect the accidental success of an unknown author; and the history of literature is full of accidental successes. Often this first success is also the last, and an author who had lost the copyright of his first book might easily find that he had little profit from his later works.

To protect all the books of every American author in Great Britain as in the United States—this is the ideal law which we seek; but the law which seems to you ideal falls far short of this. There were nearly five thousand books published in the United States in 1886, and perhaps half of these were of American authorship. To protect them all, they would all have had to be published in England before they were published in America, and the author of each would have had to be in Canada, or at Bermuda, or the Bahamas, or somewhere else under the British flag, at the moment when his book was issued in London. The method by which an American may secure copyright in England is not a simple registration, for which a single fee is paid and a single certificate given; it is an elaborate mercantile operation, to be established by evidence, written and parole. Prior publication means that a book shall be advertised, offered for sale and bought over the counter, in England, before it is issued in America. To demand from every American author prior publication of his book in England is to lay a heavy burden on him—a burden that it is often absolutely impossible for him to bear.

To require that the whole of his book shall be published first in England is greatly to increase this burden nowadays, when more than half of our literature appears first in a serial of some sort, a monthly magazine or a weekly journal. In many cases, the imposing of the condition of complete and prior publication in England must operate as a preventive of copyright. The leading American magazines are now published in London a day or two before they appear in New York, and the authors who contribute to these may avail themselves of the protection of the English law, by residing in Canada on the day when each number is issued. But it is obviously impossible that weekly journals like *Puck* and *The Christian Union* and *Harper's Bazar* should have prior publication in England. Whatever, therefore, is printed in these journals, or in the hun-

dreds of other American weekly papers, can be pirated by any British publisher who may think it worth his while, despite the utmost endeavor of the American author.

If Miss Anna Katherine Green contributes a serial to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, or if Mr. Howells writes a story for *Harper's Weekly*, the prior publication of the completed book in England will not help them. American authors must choose between the possible loss of their English copyrights and the refusal to contribute to any serial every number of which is not issued in England before it appears in America. Colonel Higginson's *Common Sense about Women* was a series of essays written especially for the *Woman's Journal;* but even if Colonel Higginson had published his book in England before it was published in America, and had gone to Canada for the day, he could not have prevented Sonnenschein from stealing it, and garbling it as he has seen fit to do.

To show still further the inadequacy of the British law which you accept as better than our simple American statute, I will cite only two more instances, both of them from the literary history of residents of Hartford. If this law had been declared when Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the greatest book yet written by an American, it would not have protected *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and that work would still have been as free to the British pirate as it is now. Mrs. Stowe composed the story as a serial, and it appeared in instalments in a weekly paper of Washington. The authoress was modestly unsuspicious of the value of her work; she would not have thought of going to Canada, even if she had then had the means; she could not have arranged prior publication in England, even if she had had the wish, for she was then unknown to any English publisher; and even if she had done so, it would have availed her nothing, because the story had first appeared from week to week in an American weekly, as fast as it was written.

The other case may come home to you even more closely. One of the most abundantly popular of the books written by American authors in the past quarter of a century is the *Innocents Abroad*. It was made up of letters printed from time to time in the newspapers. Now, I do not think that the author of this book had any idea that it would be as successful as it was; I doubt if he would then have found it easy to secure its prior publication in England, while he went on a visit to Canada; and I am sure that if he had tried so to protect it, the effort could not have profited him, for the

British pirate would have been free to reproduce from the newspapers the original letters just as they had been printed, with all the slips and errors of a careless correspondence.

But I think I need say no more. As you wrote recently, in a letter to another correspondent, "I stop there; I never pursue a person after I have got him down."

To a popular American author, sure of his audience in both countries, the British law, as laid down in Jefferies *vs.* Boosey and again in Routledge *vs.* Low, often affords a fair shelter against the pirate. To all others, it is as a tottering wall and a broken hedge. For ten that it guards, there are a thousand that it leaves defenceless and bare. I hope that you will not still think me in need of a change of air or in danger of an asylum, when I repeat what I said in the article which was the exciting cause of your appealing and pathetic Postscript. The remedy for the present deplorable state of affairs is to change the law—in the United Kingdom as in the United States. It is for us here in America now to make the next move. England has taken the first step—although it is not as wide a stride as you are pleased to think it. Our turn it is now to advance along the path of honesty and justice. England will meet us half-way. England stands ready to grant us all we ask, if we are prepared to do as we are done by. As yet, I am sorry to say, the people of these United States are in a condition of ethical inertia, so far as this subject is concerned, and it is not easy to arouse them to motion; but when a popular movement does come at last, as surely it will come soon, its momentum will be irresistible. In the meantime, let us dwell together in unity and labor together for the good cause.

Wherefore, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my dear Mr. Clemens,

Yours very truly,

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE TARIFF IN JAPAN.

THE political and commercial relations of Japan with the nations of Europe and America have long been trammelled by conditions not only perilous to the material welfare of the eastern empire, but subversive of her authority as an independent State. In the treaties imposed upon her thirty years ago, which she is still constrained to observe, two provisions were introduced, the rigid enforcement of which has retarded her prosperity and deprived her of essential attributes of sovereignty. She was compelled to surrender, apparently forever, the control of her customs tariff, and to acquiesce in the permanent exemption of foreigners from the jurisdiction of her courts. The refusal of the European powers to release her from these stipulations, the harshness and injustice of which are acknowledged by all impartial observers, is rapidly leading to consequences which can scarcely fail to command the attention of the western world. Americans, in particular, are morally bound to watch with interest the struggle in which Japan will presently be engaged, and to extend an intelligent sympathy to the Government and people for whose painful embarrassments this republic is in a measure responsible.

For the origin of the tariff which has been made an instrument of oppression since the earliest days of mercantile association, we must look to the treaty negotiated in 1858 by Townsend Harris, the first diplomatic agent from the United States to the then unknown and isolated empire. At that period the Japanese had no conception of the results that were to follow the opening of their land to foreign intercourse. Mr. Harris had lived alone among them for two years, preparing them, as far as he could, for the impending change in their destiny, and offering friendly counsel for their guidance through the difficulties they were soon to encounter. He had found the way to their confidence, and they accepted his assurances of the necessity for a fixed scale of customs duties as complacently as they yielded to his proposals concerning all other international requirements. The rates of impost were decided wholly by him, without a suggestion on their side. The situation was delicate, but his method of dealing

with the unusual circumstances showed the thorough honesty of his intentions. Although reared in the faith of free trade, he made no attempt to obtrude that doctrine upon the inexperienced rulers who placed themselves unreservedly in his hands. He foresaw, at least partially, the commercial pressure to which they would be subjected, and desired to provide them with sufficient and effective means of self-protection. If his skill in framing the articles of agreement had been equal to the integrity of his purpose, the Japanese would have been spared many of the calamities which foreign trade has brought upon them.

In this primitive tariff the provisions were necessarily few in number and general in application. Minute adjustment of details was left to the future, when the mutual conditions of traffic should be more clearly defined. The import duties were 5 per cent. ad valorem upon effects supposed to be required for the subsistence of aliens or for the conduct of their business, and 20 per cent. upon all goods brought for sale. Personal property was declared free, and intoxicating beverages were taxed 35 per cent. One article was absolutely prohibited. Notwithstanding the seclusion in which they lived, the Japanese were well informed of the ravages caused by opium in China, and were firmly resolved to exclude that drug. In earlier treaties with Holland and Russia, their right to reject it had been admitted, and Mr. Harris was so heartily in accord with them on this point that the restriction was set forth not only in his "trade regulations," but also in the body of the treaty. A fine was imposed for attempts to smuggle opium, and American ships were forbidden to bring a larger quantity than four pounds into port, even for their own use—the surplus, in case of transgression, being condemned to seizure and destruction. Upon all exportations of native products a duty of 5 per cent. was established.

Mr. Harris was not blind to the imperfections of his work, which, indeed, was little better than a foundation upon which a more substantial structure might afterward be built, but he was driven to hasty action by the approach, in 1858, of a combined English and French naval force, whose demands it was essential to forestall. He warned the Japanese officials that they would be liable to severe exactions, unless they could exhibit a precedent by which their negotiations could be regulated. They were quick to discern the expediency of concluding an agreement with a minister who brought only moral influences to bear upon them, before the advent of the formidable

emissaries who had recently startled all Asia by their triumphant overthrow of the Chinese arms. The agent of the United States had barely time to embody the broad principles which should properly govern the relations of Japan with the outer world. The rulers of the empire were fortunate in having in this emergency an adviser of lofty and generous character. His opportunities for inflicting injury, had he been thus inclined, were almost without limit, but he toiled as earnestly for the welfare of the country to which he was accredited as for the interests which he directly represented. He would have been glad to omit from the treaty every limitation of Japan's autonomy, but this was forbidden by the express instructions of his Government. His unwillingness to impose commercial restraints was demonstrated by a "regulation" declaring that after five years' experience of trade the whole schedule of duties should be "subject to revision," at the demand of the Japanese.

Scarcely had this treaty been executed when the expected visitors, Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, entered the Bay of Yedo with a fleet of such magnitude as to amaze and appall the simple islanders. The English Ambassador had filled many positions of honor in his own country, and enjoyed more than a national repute for probity and humanity. He was not at all in accord with the errand upon which he had been sent. His diary and letters, as well as his public utterances in the East, testify that he had no feelings but contempt and disgust for the system of persecution and pillage instituted by Great Britain in various parts of Asia. But he had undertaken a definite task, from which he could not escape, however distasteful the performance might be. By a happy chance, the time allowed him for effecting a treaty was brief, and he was more than ready to avail himself of the formulas provided by Mr. Harris. The document signed by him on the 26th of August, 1858, was in most respects identical with that previously drawn by the American Consul-General. The Japanese had been urgently admonished that their safety depended upon its exact and literal identity, but the changes proposed by the British functionary were supported by too tremendous an array of physical strength to be easily rejected. By the alteration of a single line in the tariff he destroyed its entire plan and scope, and opened the way for infringements which disordered the domestic industries of the empire, and reduced the revenue from customs to utter insignificance and worthlessness.

Lord Elgin was not an expert in political economy, and his ideas

of free trade were by no means in harmony with those of the uncompromising British merchant; but he knew that he was expected to take some steps toward facilitating the sale of English manufactures, and had been informed that cotton and woollen stuffs were the most profitable exports to Asiatic regions. He therefore added these goods to the list of articles not intended for the market, which Mr. Harris had rated at 5 per cent. Having thus inserted the wedge of destruction, he went on his course rejoicing. The Japanese were too terrified to object, and, in their ignorance of what was in store, regarded the transaction as of slight importance compared with the danger of arousing the mighty ambassador's resentment. Baron Gros, whose labors were confined to the faithful imitation of all that was done by his colleague, placed two of his country's staples, cotton and linen fabrics, in the 5 per cent. class. Delegates from other European governments, attracted by the prospect of sharing the newly granted privileges, hastened to the spot and secured similar compacts. The Dutch commissioner, in fact, went to the length of including "all sorts of manufactures" in the diminished rates; but this sweeping measure appears to have escaped general notice, or was perhaps found impracticable, since it was not adopted by subsequent negotiators. All who followed within the next three or four years contented themselves with classifying at 5 per cent. the favorite exports of their respective lands.

Mr. Harris was greatly disturbed by the failure of the Japanese to abide by his counsel, but the mischief was irremediable at the moment, and the only hope of retrieval was in the provision, recognized alike by all the contracting parties, that the tariff should be "subject to revision" in 1864. As long as he remained at his post he endeavored to prefigure the disasters that would ensue if the full control of the customs were not resumed. But he was confronted at every turn by the strenuous opposition of the European ministers who had been sent to Yedo in conformity with the treaties of 1858. Instigated to constant activity by the diligent envoy from Great Britain, these apostles of free trade sought by every imaginable device to enlarge the field of commercial operations. The empire was agitated by internal dissensions, and the tribulations of the rulers were aggravated in the hope that alien interests might thereby be promoted. Political quarrels were forced upon them, the settlement of which could be purchased only by repeated mercantile concessions. They were led to believe themselves on the verge of overwhelming

dangers, from which no escape was possible except by prematurely opening their cities to foreign occupation and proffering reductions of the import duties. In 1862 they were cajoled into proposing the abolition of the 35 per cent. tax upon wines and spirits, and in 1864 they strove to avert an armed invasion by transferring a large number of western manufactures from the classification of 20 per cent. to that of 5 per cent. A treaty contracted with Switzerland in the last-named year, when the European fleets were gathering for the assault, formally authorized the admission of almost every conceivable ware at the lowest rate. The privileges thus conferred were necessarily shared by all the powers, through the operation of the "most favored nation" clause in each of the compacts. Long before this occurrence Mr. Harris had retired from the scene, and his successors, for many years, took no pains to follow the line of action which he had marked out. From 1861 until 1873 the Legation of the United States was little better than a subordinate agency for registering and enforcing the decrees of her Britannic Majesty's minister.

In 1865 the first English representative was replaced by an individual whose intolerance, rapacity, and cruelty had already rendered him an object of abhorrence to Oriental races. His earlier career, in China, had been stained by deeds of such enormity as to call forth vehement denunciations from leaders of all parties in Parliament. To secure a trifling advantage to his trading countrymen he had on one occasion incited a bloody war, absolutely without provocation, in which countless innocent lives were sacrificed. But his energy and industry were undisputed, and although branded with infamy at home, he was considered a suitable guardian of British interests in the far East. From the moment of his arrival in Japan he made himself a terror to the Government and the populace. Wasting little time in preliminaries, he addressed himself to the task of reducing still further the imposts which diverted a small fraction of the gains of his *clientèle* into the imperial treasury. It was notorious that, under the existing system, the revenue from customs was barely sufficient to pay the cost of its collection, but this was a matter of no concern to the agent of the greatest of mercantile nations. His first step was to secure the coöperation of the three other diplomatists then in Yedo, which was readily accorded. The envoy of Holland was quite as eager for commercial immunities as his more powerful associate. The orders of the French minister required

him to adhere to the general policy of Great Britain, and the service of the United States was temporarily in the hands of a feeble Dutch interpreter, acting as chargé d'affaires, who submitted himself at all times to English influence and dictation.

In June, 1866, the Japanese were notified that a joint treaty, approved by the four agents, awaited their acceptance. As was usual when movements of aggression were contemplated, an imposing squadron had been summoned, and was prepared for hostile action in a contiguous port. The Government had been taught, by dire experience, the peril of refusing compliance with British demands. In two recent crises it had been called upon to undertake tasks which were admitted by competent authorities to be utterly beyond its power, and the failure to perform these obvious impossibilities had been punished by furious bombardments, the partial demolition of flourishing towns, with the slaughter of their inhabitants, and the exaction of fines amounting to nearly $500,000 in one instance and $3,000,000 in the other. It was now engaged in a death-struggle with revolutionary forces, and was more than ever incapable of resistance. No attention was given to its needs or desires, nor was it seriously consulted at any stage of the proceedings. It was reminded, indeed, that the date at which the duties might be "subject to revision" had passed, and was informed that since the opportunity had been neglected by Japan, the foreign commissioners would charge themselves with the business. There was no pretence of fulfilling the obligation originally implied in the stipulation for revision. This had been designed in good faith, as a safeguard for the Japanese, but the new instrument was framed exclusively for the benefit of aliens, and the native officials were peremptorily ordered to recognize its validity.

The avowed intention of this compulsory tariff was to provide specific duties, so far as was practicable, on an assumed basis of 5 per cent., and to assess at the same rate ad valorem all articles not especially designated, excepting a few which were declared free, as in the earlier agreement. The clause prohibiting opium remained in force, the British minister not venturing, at that period, to defy the opinion of the civilized world by annulling it. But it was soon discovered that the specific import duties were so adjusted as to yield considerably less than 5 per cent. upon goods in which Europeans were accustomed to deal. The average proved to be a little more than 4 per cent. Upon exports the average was about 3½

per cent. No demonstration is needed to show that a tariff of this description was hardly worth putting into operation. That it could be regarded as interposing the slightest obstacle to foreign commerce was the most ridiculous of assumptions. But the protector of British trade was still unsatisfied. Looking forward with inexorable greed, he discerned possibilities of traffic under a lower scale than any yet applied, and secured an acknowledgment that additional reductions might be demanded by the subscribing parties at certain dates, and upon conditions always favorable to the strangers. Alterations of this nature were now and again carried into effect, until it seemed that the Japanese would suffer no appreciable loss if their custom-houses were summarily closed and the free entrance of all merchandise were permitted.

It is recorded that during the year immediately preceding the revolution by which the Shogun's Government was overthrown, no revenue whatever was derived from customs. The expiring régime was probably unable to bear the expense of fitly maintaining a service from which no benefit accrued. After the restoration of imperial authority, in 1868, the bureaus of finance were reorganized, and a thorough examination disclosed the evils already suffered, together with the gloomy outlook for the future. Many important industries were deranged to an irreparable extent. European goods had been forced into the country with the profusion and the disregard of immediate recompense familiar to all who have studied the processes of English market-building. Domestic manufactures had been superseded by underselling, until their production had slackened ominously, the wares of Birmingham and Manchester usurping their places. The native cotton trade, to give an example, was paralyzed, and threatened with extinction. Artisans and merchants throughout the nation found their occupation gone before they could rightly understand the causes of the ruin that overshadowed them. Wherever British competition attacked them, their inability to stand against the combinations of western capital was speedily manifest. The rivalries thus instituted were not numerous in the beginning, but they were sufficient to disturb the long-established conditions of interdependence, and to blight with poverty and misery vast districts where comfort and contentment had always dwelt. In a community like that of Japan, knitted together for centuries by the mutual exchange of commodities, any disturbing element may lead to universal calamity. The civil war which swept

over the empire in 1868 was infinitely less devastating in its effect upon the solid prosperity of the people than the disruption caused by the commercial invasion of the few preceding years.

The situation of the Government was deplorable. From the outgoing Administration it inherited an empty treasury and a crushing burden of debt. In addition to the unsettled liabilities of the conflict just terminated, it was compelled to assume all foreign obligations incurred, however recklessly, under the negligent sway of its predecessor. The old machinery of taxation was wholly inadequate for the constantly increasing needs. In all ages the rulers had been dependent for their revenues upon the land-holders, who were assessed in proportion to the value of the ground they occupied. The income thus gathered had been ample in the frugal past, but was utterly insufficient in the altered condition of affairs. Intercourse with strangers had largely augmented the national expenditure, and at the same time had drained the sources of supply. The cultivators of cotton, sugar, and other staples which had been partially extinguished by excessive importation, were incapable of meeting the demands upon them. In several provinces the levy could not be collected by any process. Attempts to enforce it provoked revolts and involved the authorities in political as well as financial complications. For a number of years the disbursements were greatly in excess of the receipts, and the deficiency could be covered only by enormous issues of paper money. The gradual growth of external commerce wrought nothing but injury, for the indulgence in foreign novelties cost the country many millions of treasure, which were never reimbursed by an equivalent influx from abroad. Until nearly 1880 the balance of trade was heavily adverse. While the necessities of the Government increased alarmingly, the means of satisfying them were rapidly diminished. No appreciable relief was afforded by the customs returns, which seldom rose to $1,000,000, and which have never, to this day, reached $3,000,000 a year.

By the exercise of a rigid economy and the employment of expedients which at times appeared desperate, the finances were slowly brought to a less chaotic condition. Taxes were judiciously extended, and distributed with a nearer approach to evenness, although the principal weight still rested upon the agricultural class. For this inequality, as for other irregularities, the rulers could not be held accountable, many of the most natural and legitimate channels of

revenue being closed by the treaties. Keenly alive to the hardships of their position, and filled with anxiety for the future, they repeatedly petitioned for the removal of their disabilities. Their grievances were communicated to the western governments, not only through the ordinary diplomatic agencies, but frequently by messengers appointed expressly for this duty. The special tariff revision promised in 1864 had been dishonestly turned to their disadvantage, but a more comprehensive revision of the treaties as a whole had also been guaranteed to take place in 1872. A commission composed of some of the highest nobles and several of the foremost statesmen of the empire was despatched in this year to America and Europe, in the hope of securing a modification, if not the suppression, of the onerous and humiliating provisions. This dignified and impressive embassy was received with barely a show of courtesy, except in the United States, and was coldly referred back to the envoys who had been chiefly instrumental in reducing the nation to its pitiable strait.

Thus the destinies of Japan were delivered over to a body of unscrupulous confederates from whom no mercy could be expected, and who were actuated by no considerations but those of selfishness and voracity. Their policy was inspired, as before, by the English representative, whose temper was now exhibited without disguise, and whose actions betrayed a determination to override even the nominal barriers of legality which he had formerly deemed it prudent to respect. In his eagerness to clutch at the few remaining opportunities for extorting gain, he did not hesitate to resort to fraud. When the traffic in coal had reached a remunerative stage, he promulgated a decree which he falsely declared to have been sanctioned and endorsed by the Government, authorizing his countrymen—and with them the traders of all nations—to refuse payment of the export duty upon that product, and thereby despoiled the treasury of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The native officials felt that it would be hazardous to gainsay him, for his outbursts of violence, when thwarted in any project, were like the acts of a madman. He personally assaulted those who excited his ire, and threatened to employ the naval and military forces stationed near his legation if his behests were not unquestioningly obeyed. Learning at one time that the local magistrates of Yokohama were taking steps to check smuggling, he publicly and insultingly proclaimed his intention to line the sea-wall of that port with British troops, in order to facili-

tate and protect the landing of boats from British ships at any desired point, and without regard to the business in which they might be concerned. These and other indignities, the record of which is not here extended for the reason that many of them were connected with matters apart from the subject of this paper, were suffered in silent grief and shame, the conviction having been forced upon his victims that no complaint would be entertained by his superiors in England, and that his course of insolence and outrage, if not openly approved, would be tacitly sustained. So disheartened were they that when, in 1877, the minister executed his last and most audacious commercial *coup*, and attempted, by virtue of a judicial decision pronounced at his command, to set aside the restrictions upon opium, and lay Japan, like China, open to the devastations of this deadly scourge, for the gratification of those who sought to enrich themselves by the proscribed traffic—so intimidated were they that they shrank from arraigning him before his Government and the world, and left to others the labor of frustrating his malevolent purpose. By the efforts of disinterested humanitarians in England and elsewhere the scheme was defeated; but the trembling reluctance of the Japanese to hold their enemy to account, even when morally assured of redress for long-standing grievances, enabled him to escape the punishment that for a while hung over him.

Upon the retirement of this ruthless persecutor, a few years later, renewed appeals were made to the European States, but invariably with discouraging results. Conferences for "treaty revision" have twice been held in Japan, the foreign ministers continuing to act as commissioners for their respective governments, and steadfastly refusing, as of old, to accept any genuine proposal for relaxation of the bonds in which the crippled empire writhes. The brutalities of the earlier period may no longer be displayed, but the resolution to withhold political and commercial autonomy is yet unshaken. The prizes, actual and prospective, are too tempting to be voluntarily relinquished by the trading powers. Japan's faculty of endurance is the astonishment of all observers. The public expenditure has risen to $80,000,000, toward the liquidation of which $2,500,000 only are contributed by the customs.* With a properly constructed tariff *for revenue only*, the amount would be from $12,000,000 to

* In free-trading England the duties on imports pay one-third of the public disbursements. In the United States the same duties much more than cover the entire ordinary expenditure.

$15,000,000. A tariff *for protection*, without which substantial prosperity in that region is absolutely unattainable, would produce not less than $30,000,000. It would be easy to point out the vast and innumerable benefits which would accompany the application of a well-adjusted system of fostering economy, but the design of this article is rather to represent the lamentable state to which a thrifty, intelligent, and spirited country has been brought by the inability to exercise an undisputed inherent right. The past twenty years have witnessed no satisfactory development of the national resources. The Government is beset on all sides by fiscal embarrassments. The greater part of its income is still obtained by taxation upon land—an impost which the populace regard with detestation, and against the prolongation of which angry protests have been sounded. The vital forces of the empire are cramped by unnatural fetters, and the struggle for relief may at any moment precipitate internal disorders which every friend of its amiable and interesting people would earnestly deplore. To attain the healthful activity essential to its welfare and progress it must repossess itself of the independence of which it was defrauded a quarter of a century ago. How to regain that precious privilege is the problem that remains to be solved.

If the lessons of the last score of years have any value, it is plain that Japan can base no hopes upon the good-will of the commercial states of Europe. Nor has she, up to the present time, had reason to place much reliance upon the coöperation of America. That she is entitled, however, to look in this direction for assistance, no person familiar with the relations of the two countries can deny. It should never be forgotten that the United States compelled her in the first place to emerge from seclusion and enter upon the stormy course in which she has encountered so many perils. In recognition of this fact, the treaty of 1858 contained an extraordinary and unparalleled provision, pledging the President to "act as a friendly mediator in such matters of difference as may arise between the Government of Japan and any European Power." For a long time the Japanese regarded this declaration with implicit faith, which they did not renounce until their confidence was chilled by continuous failures to fulfil it. By the same treaty, moreover, they were misled into believing that their surrender of tariff control would terminate in 1864, and that their political liberties would be restored in 1872. Through a verbal error for which the United States minister was solely answerable, the agents of the trading powers were enabled to

prolong and multiply indefinitely the disabilities which were intended to last only a few years. These truths have been repeatedly admitted by successive administrations at Washington, but nothing has been done to repair the evil caused by an American envoy's fatal mistake, nor to redeem the solemn promise of mediation in the event of European aggression. Pleasant words have been abundant. No executive message appears without a complimentary reference to the enterprising empire of the Pacific, and an assurance that the republic is ever watchful of its aspiring neighbor's advancement. But the one thing needful is not vouchsafed. Until the United States formally and frankly release Japan from the cruel impositions of the treaty, these meaningless proffers of sympathy are an affliction and not a solace.

It is certain that measures of relief cannot be long deferred. The tension is too severe to be sustained. Japan must either boldly revoke the compacts, or render them inoperative by inaugurating a new and equitable system of intercourse with a powerful ally. The latter course could be taken without delay if the State Department at Washington would move in the matter. No preparations are requisite. Articles of agreement have been ready for enactment since 1878, and the President has only to affix his signature. The consent of the Senate is a foregone conclusion. Fortified by so emphatic a proof of righteous intention on the part of the United States, Japan's demand for similar action elsewhere could not be repelled. The freedom, the prosperity, and the happiness of a sorely tried nation may truly be said to depend upon the prompt performance of a long-neglected duty by a Government which owes its own existence to the spirit that resists abuse of power, and whose history bears eloquent testimony against the wrongs of injustice and oppression.

E. H. HOUSE.

THE DANGERS OF SURPLUS REVENUE.

THE Honorable Andrew D. White, who lately represented the United States at the court of Berlin, was once asked what single fact seemed to impress foreigners the most strongly with a sense of the vigor and importance of the American people. It was not until after a moment's thought that the following somewhat surprising reply was made: "I think it is the monthly statements made by the Treasury Department, showing the continuous and rapid payment of the public debt." And, indeed, the management of the public debt is worthy the respect of any statesman. The results which it has achieved are unparalleled in fiscal history. At the close of the late war the interest-bearing debt of the Federal Government amounted to $2,381,000,000; it is now, if we exclude the Pacific sixes from our estimate, less than $1,000,000,000. From this it appears that the "legacy of the war" has been extinguished at the rate of $60,000,000 per annum. Such a statement, however, does not adequately portray the efficiency of the policy adopted. In 1865 the *per-capita* debt of the United States, that is to say, the total debt, less cash in the treasury, was $78.25; in 1880 it amounted to $37.74; at the present time it is $21.66. In 1865 the *per-capita* interest charged on account of the debt was $4.29; in 1880 it had fallen to $1.56; at the present time it is $.70.

It is with no desire to disparage so brilliant a record that I venture to speak of one unfortunate fact in the fiscal system which alone has rendered this record possible. It is beyond question that the debt has been paid with ease because of the embarrassments which attend all proposals for the reduction of taxes. At no time is it a light task to remit taxes, but it is especially difficult when revenue machinery is used for other than revenue purposes. Customs duties are believed by some to encourage home industry, while internal duties are supposed by others to discourage the use of whiskeys and tobacco; and whether the financier attacks the one or the other source of revenue he encounters the hostility of a passionate sentiment. In the midst of such conflicting opinions as to the proper method of procedure it is no wonder that the old

fiscal system, framed to meet conditions of war, remains practically unchanged. The result is that the Federal Government is burdened with surplus funds, and there is no reason to expect a change of policy until the dangers which lie in surplus financiering are clearly apprehended. To suggest these dangers is the purpose of the present paper.

It will be of assistance in gaining a clear idea of what is meant by the phrase surplus revenue, if we conceive all Federal expenditures to be divided into two classes: the one including all ordinary expenditures, as, for example, appropriations for pensions, for the army and navy, for interest on the public debt, and the like; the other including all payments which result in the reduction of the principal of the public debt. But the moneys devoted to this purpose are in their turn drawn from two separate funds, namely, the sinking fund and the surplus fund. These funds may be easily described.

The Federal sinking fund was established by the fifth section of the law of February 25, 1862. It is there stated that an amount of money equal to one per cent. of the outstanding indebtedness shall each year be devoted to the reduction of the public debt, to which shall be added each year a sum equal to the interest accruing on all obligations so redeemed. It is this appropriation which is termed the sinking fund, and which, after the payment of current interest, is made a first lien upon customs receipts. According to the letter of the law other appropriations cannot be met until the claims of the sinking fund are satisfied. The surplus fund, on the other hand, which, like the sinking fund, has hitherto been devoted to the extinction of the public debt, is made up of such moneys as are left over after all definite appropriations are satisfied. It is not mandatory upon the Secretary of the Treasury to use this fund in paying the public debt, but no officer would for a moment think of retaining large sums of money in the treasury vaults while any part of the debt remained outstanding upon which it could be economically expended.

Let us see how the accounts of the Federal Government stand in the light of the classification of expenditures thus suggested, for in this manner only can we gain any adequate idea of the magnitude of the existing surplus. These accounts are presented in the following table, which shows the gross income to the Government, the expenditures for ordinary appropriations, the amounts paid on

account of the sinking fund, and the amount of surplus revenue for each fifth year since 1860:

Table Showing the Income and Expenditure of the Federal Government.

For year ending June 30.	Total receipts, loans excluded, except for 1865.	Total expenditure, excluding payments on the principal of the public debt.	Amounts paid on account of the sinking fund.	Surplus revenue, sinking-fund payments excluded.	Surplus revenue as ordinarily understood.
1860	$81,000,000	$77,000,000	.....	.....	.....
1865	1,801,000,000	1,896,000,000	.....	.....	.....
1870	411,000,000	309,000,000	$24,000,000	$78,000,000	$103,000,000
1875	288,000,000	250,000,000	25,000,000	13,000,000	38,000,000
1880	333,000,000	276,000,000	44,000,000	22,000,000	66,000,000
1886	336,000,000	242,000,000	45,000,000	49,000,000	94,000,000

Many interesting facts would be disclosed had we time to analyze with care the items which make up the totals of what I have termed ordinary expenditures. It seems to have been the purpose of our legislators to reduce as far as possible the actual surplus revenue by making lavish appropriations of all sorts. It is remarkable that the running expenses of a government should have increased fourfold in twenty years. It is true that the interest on the public debt, and the army and navy pensions, are properly charged to the account of the war; but these items do not adequately explain the magnitude of the customary operations of the federal treasury. In one respect, indeed, the figures do not convey the correct impression. It appears from the second column that the expenditures of the Government have declined since 1870, being $309,000,000 in that year as against $242,000,000 in 1886. But such a comparison is deceptive, for it overlooks the fact that the interest on the public debt has declined during the same period from $123,000,000 to $50,000,000. This shows the actual expenditures, exclusive of interest payments, to have increased rather than decreased, as the figures seem to imply.

With regard to the third and fourth columns in the above table, it may be said that there is no present necessity for keeping the sinking fund separate from the surplus fund. It is done out of deference to a useless and cumbersome law which never has had, and never can have, any direct bearing on the payment of the public debt. Whether we consider the political and social tendencies of superabundant revenue, or estimate the effect of a surplus on the commerce and trade of the country, or consider the increasing danger to the banking system from the continued payment of the

debt, or ask respecting the measures to be adopted for paying the debt in the future; in every case the real surplus to be calculated upon is the amount annually due the sinking fund plus the excess of revenue over all specific appropriations. This is what is meant when it is said that the surplus of the current year is about $100,000,000.

But coming directly to the question in hand, what are the evils of a surplus reserve? That a bounteous revenue can be the source of evil tendencies will doubtless occasion surprise on the part of many who take pride in being citizens of a government that is accounted wealthy. And yet, so long as public opinion forbids the Federal Government from entering upon public improvements in a broad and systematic manner, this pride of wealth which the American feels in the presence of an overflowing treasury is wholly without reason. It fails to recognize that the source of public revenue is taxation, and that unless the Government can use the money thus secured from the tax-payer more advantageously for him than he could use it for himself, he is deprived of pleasures which he might otherwise enjoy.

It is not, however, such obvious truths of taxation that I wish to bring into view, but rather to emphasize some of the occult tendencies which lie wrapped up in a policy of surplus financiering. And in this connection we will first consider the manner in which taxes that are too prolific affect the working of constitutional governments in general; second, some special dangers to which the American people are exposed at the present time from the fact that Congress has too much money at its disposal; and lastly, the relation of surplus revenue to commerce and industries.

Those who read this essay need hardly be reminded that popular government was born out of a struggle over public income and public expenditure. The development of constitutional liberty cannot be separated from the development of the modern budget. Under the extreme form of the old proprietary theory of kingship, private property was what the king graciously permitted his subjects to retain as their own; but under the modern political theory of stateship, public property is what the people think it essential to grant in order to serve the most perfectly their collective interests. We are apt to think, because of the success of the popular cause in the past, that nothing now remains but to enjoy the political estate our fathers have gained. Such a thought is far from true. A

tyrannous government and an irresponsible government are one and the same thing; and the results of tyranny will surely be experienced by a people who trust to political machinery for the conservation of their rights. Money is power, and will continue to be power as long as the attributes of the human mind remain what they are. Any government, no matter what its form, that can exercise a control over the distribution of money without arousing the jealousy of the people, is in a position to govern without consulting the people. Under such conditions popular government will surely degenerate into government by faction.

It is beyond controversy that the people will not care enough about the details of public expenditure to exercise their prerogative of directing public administration, so long as the votes of their representatives do not occasion the levy of new taxes. It is a fundamental principle of finance that income should adjust itself to expenditure; but where there is a surplus of revenue the principle is turned end for end, and expenditure is adjusted to income. For years Congress has acted on the tacit assumption that Federal income is the private property of the Federal Government, and that, like trustees of a rich institution, its only duty is to discover avenues of judicious expenditure. The influence of such a state of affairs is demoralizing in the extreme. It is felt by electors as well as legislators. The truth is, a deficit from time to time is more to be desired than a constant surplus. The people will be more careful to exercise control over expenditures if the minister of finance is obliged to use the language of poverty than if they are made to feel rich by the portrayal of an ever-increasing surplus; the legislative body, also, will be more careful as to appropriations if deficits stare them in face, than if their deliberations are carried on in the presence of an overflowing treasury.

There can be no more pertinent testimony to this claim than that presented in the history of the United States Congress during the last few years. Resting secure in the carelessness of a people conscious of being rich, and having at their disposal an enormous revenue, our national representatives have made appropriations which would have caused the downfall of any party had these appropriations rendered necessary an appeal to taxes. Let us consider a single item of expenditure by way of illustration.

One who reads the history of pension acts in this country must be impressed by the liberality of spirit in which they were conceived.

No one can for a moment question the wisdom or the justice of making generous provision for soldiers and sailors injured in their country's service; but of late years the generosity of the American people has been shamefully abused. It is right in law, as in morals, that arrears of pensions should be paid to those to whom pensions are justly due, yet who for some reason had neglected to make application within the time prescribed by law; but the practical effect of the Arrearage-Pensions Act of 1879 has been to invite an organized raid on the public treasury for the pressing of spurious claims. The history of the bill while in the hands of Congress shows either culpable negligence or a determined purpose on the part of shrewd factions to get rid of the surplus moneys at any cost. "The bill passed the House under a suspension of the rules, without debate, and apparently without having been considered by the proper committee. It was rushed through the Senate in the same unceremonious manner, and in the short debate there is an absence of any effort to discover what would be the effects of the bill should it become a law. . . . The Pension Bureau never made an estimate of the cost of the arrears bill until after it had become a law." * The Secretary of the Interior thought $41,000,000 would be all the execution of the bill would demand, but the Commissioner of Pensions estimated in 1881 that the act would consume, sooner or later, $510,000,000. In the year 1886 $63,000,000 were paid away in pensions, a figure which seems enormous when it is remembered that the Imperial Government of Germany expends but $83,000,000 in the support of her entire army, while her pension list does not exceed $5,500,000. It is not too much to say that a great fraud has been foisted on the American people by the combined interests of party leaders and pension agents. And the important point for us to notice is, that this could not have been done had it not been for the existence of revenue laws which filled the treasury to bursting with surplus moneys.

The demoralizing influence of surplus revenue cannot be well over-estimated. One of the arguments urged in favor of the pensions act was, that the annual distribution of so large a sum of money would be a "financial irrigation to the land. When the business men come to see this they will be on our side." Mr. Carlisle declares that "a large surplus in the treasury constitutes the most dangerous corruption fund that can possibly menace the

* David A. Wells, in *Lalor's Encyclopædia*, article, "Pensions."

integrity of legislation," and his words in confirmation of this statement are well worth our reading.

"Already vast schemes of spoliation [he says] are being devised. . . . Some propose to purchase and operate all the railroads, telegraphs, steam vessels, and other means of transportation and communication, at an expense of thousands of millions; some want the general Government to pay a part or the whole of the cost of education in the several States; some want to grant bounties and subsidies to sugar growers and owners of steamship lines, as if they were engaged in more meritorious occupations than the people who produce corn and wheat, or who are employed in other industrial pursuits; some want to increase the pensions already allowed, and grant additional ones, to the deserving and undeserving alike; some want the Government to loan money to the people to start in business or pay their debts; and one gentleman at least, who may be supposed to speak for a considerable number of his party associates, advocates the erection of a public building in every city having a population of twenty thousand —not because there is any necessity for it, but simply in order 'to have continually before the people a visible testimonial to the existence of the national Government.' These are only a few samples of the selfish and extravagant projects which an overflowing treasury has developed."*

But it is not alone the corrupting influence of the surplus that is to be feared; the fact that, when a government has command over ready money, new policies may be set on foot without arousing the attention of the people, is a source of equal danger. The thought thus suggested has especial pertinence when we consider the stage of industrial and political development at which the people of the United States have now arrived. It is frequently said that political power is drifting into the hands of the Federal Government to a degree not contemplated by the founders of the Republic. This is undoubtedly true, and the word drifting perfectly expresses the process. That the administrative functions of government should be extended seems to be inevitable. Publicists sometimes forget, in their eagerness to frame a political constitution conformably to some political theory, that there exists an industrial constitution which touches yet more closely the lives of men. This, however, is a truth that cannot be safely overlooked. The political idea expressed in the Federal Constitution fitted quite well the industrial society which existed when that instrument was drawn. Industries were, for the most part, local rather than national, and for internal trade, at least, competition was in fact, as in theory, the regulator of business. All that is now changed. Business relations are no longer simple. Commercial transactions now reach almost universally beyond the

* *The Forum*, October, 1887.

personal reputation of the merchant. Combinations of all sorts have developed so far that competition is either wholly annulled, or else has been forced to abandon its simple methods of working. Under such conditions moral restraints are not as potent as formerly, and it becomes necessary for society to express its moral purposes in law, and to rely more than formerly upon the machinery of government for the realization of its ideas. It is the unprecedented changes that have taken place in our industrial society which render imperative corresponding changes in the political structure.

Recognizing, then, the necessity of extending the general scope of governmental control, it comes to be a question of grave importance to which grade of government these new duties are assigned. Shall Congress absorb to itself these new powers, or shall we rely on the States as the medium through which society may express its will respecting industries? This is, of course, no place to discuss the broad question of the proper distribution and balance of rights and powers between the various centres of political authority. My own opinion is that the old theory of "States' rights" is antiquated, and that the Democratic party is chargeable with blundering, when it reverts to the times of Calhoun or of Jackson for principles to control the solution of living questions. The truth is, local political sovereignty is in this country a dead weight on local administrative ability, and while the States hold fast the shadow of a power, the substance of power will continue to gravitate toward the central government.

But the point of especial importance to the present paper is the following: So long as the Federal Government has control over a large and constantly growing surplus, the question of the future development of the American Constitution cannot receive the impartial consideration which it deserves. As has been suggested, the problems now demanding solution do not so much pertain to rights and prerogatives as to methods of administration, or to legal control over private industries. They have to do with business affairs and call into play business methods of procedure. And this being the case, the solution of these problems will naturally fall into the hands of that grade of government having control over funds necessary to create the machinery which their solution demands. Or, to speak more plainly, I regard the maintenance of a surplus under the control of Congress as a constant menace to the healthful extension of the legitimate administrative functions of the States. There is no

chance of a fair discussion of the policy of administrative decentralization, as opposed to the policy of administrative centralization, so long as one party labors under marked financial disabilities while the other controls a fund of money that must be spent. This question of surplus revenue, therefore, is a question of constitutional tendencies, and cannot be lightly put one side.

There are also financial considerations against the maintenance of a surplus; the most important being that the amount of money in general circulation is thereby arbitrarily contracted, and this, if long continued, must surely result in commercial disaster.

"It is a well-known principle [of monetary science] that the value of money is inversely as its amount; and if, through a constant excess of revenue over expenditure, large sums are withdrawn from circulation; or if, through any considerable excess in the revenue of one year, the average amount of money in the hands of the people is reduced, the country will suffer the inconveniences always attending falling values. . . . A good monetary system is like a strong fence about industries, and should be guarded with solicitous care lest industries be thrown open to unusual influences." *

These remarks will gather force from a comparison of the surplus revenue of any year with the amount of money in circulation. From such data as are now available it is probable that the surplus for the year ending June 30, 1888, will not be far from $125,000,000. This, of course, assumes that Congress will make no changes in the revenue laws, and that only the customary appropriations will be authorized. But the entire available circulation of the country does not greatly exceed $1,500,000,000, though we include in our estimate the available funds in the treasury and the money in banks, as well as money in the hands of the public. From this it appears that the surplus funds of the coming year would be equal to one-twelfth of the money which the country now employs in the ordinary course of trade. I do not know how to state in language more emphatic the imperative necessity of immediate attention to the financial situation into which the country has drifted. To be indifferent in the presence of a "lock-up" of eight per cent. of the money in circulation within a year is simply a confession of ignorance of the principles of monetary science. Trade must have its accustomed amount of money or trade cannot go on. It is easy to appreciate the embarrassment which a moving army would suffer if one-twelfth of its wagons were burned in a night, but this is a weak illustration of the evil which would be inflicted on commerce if one-twelfth of the units

* *Public Debts*, by Henry C. Adams, p. 82.

now carrying values should be locked up in the treasury vaults. In case of the army, part of the luggage would be thrown away, and the army move on; in case of trade, likewise part of the values would be thrown away, but the throwing away of values so that the decreased amount of money will carry the remainder means commercial disaster for many and trade depression for all. The steps in this argument are simple. Income from taxes over and above expenditures means a decrease in the amount of money in circulation; decrease here means falling prices; falling prices means perhaps commercial disaster, but certainly commercial depression.

Some one may possibly ask why these dangers have come upon us all at once. Why has not the country already suffered the evils which have been pointed out? So far as constitutional development is concerned, the evil effects of too much money at the disposal of Congress may be easily seen; but with regard to the commercial workings of excessive income the country is now for the first time in a condition to feel its influence. Up to the present time it has been possible for the Secretary of the Treasury to return all surplus revenue to circulation by applying it to the redemption of the debt. But this is now no longer the case. All the debt which the Government can pay by calls has been redeemed. The four-and-one-half-per-cent. bonds do not come under the control of the Government till September, 1891, while the four-per-cents are irredeemable till July, 1907. The last call for three-per-cents was made in April, and that part of the debt is now extinguished. It thus appears that for the first time since the close of the war, the Administration finds itself with money on hand which it cannot advantageously expend in payment of the debt. There is, therefore, no way by which money once covered into the treasury can be thrown again into circulation unless the accustomed rules of treasury management are radically modified. It is not too much to say that the question of surplus revenue is the key to the financial situation of the present time. It cannot for a moment be supposed that the Administration would permit the commerce of the country to suffer for the want of money lying in the Government vaults. It must be put into circulation in some manner. And if Congress at its present session neglects to remit a large share of existing taxes, the Government will have to begin the expensive and corrupting policy of making market purchases of its own paper.

HENRY C. ADAMS.

HIDALGO: THE WASHINGTON OF MEXICO.

"The history of humanity is the history of the greatest men who have lived on earth."
—CARLYLE.

WHEN Cortez, the great conqueror of a king who had thirty vassals able to put into the field a hundred thousand men, was himself about to be conquered by a greater, single-handed, and armed only with a scythe, he retired to Castile, a weary old man. The sun of court favor had long been setting upon him, and now barely tinged his splendid past, for his late enterprises had been unfortunate; Peru was the El Dorado of the day, and other Spaniards basked in its gracious beams.

Voltaire says that, denied now an audience with the Emperor, he impatiently pushed his way through the crowd surrounding the carriage and mounted the steps. "Who is that man?" asked the Emperor, with the bad memory and easy ingratitude of a monarch. "One who has given you more kingdoms than you had towns before," said Cortez, stoutly. But Truth must either stay in a well or wear a cap and bells when she appears at court, and the blunt soldier was not reinstated in the good graces of his sovereign by this speech. A viceroy had been set above him even in Mexico; the sceptre he had snatched from Montezuma's lean, brown hand was struck out of his own mailed grasp. Finally, he had not only to own himself mastered by fate and fortune, and forgotten by an ungrateful king and country, but to face the fact that he had entered the valley of shadows, and must soon call corruption his father and the worm his mother. Under these painful circumstances, defeated, humiliated on every side, he bowed his head, and with Montezuma, with every noble soul confronted with the inevitable, said: "It is the will of the gods." Having thus resigned himself to that holy and awful fiat, it was natural that he should review his past, and give, as he did, more than one touching proof that he had forever laid aside the purple and pomp of circumstance, knew that he must soon put off "the muddy vesture of decay" as well, and was making ready to meet his God. In his will we find: "It has long been a question whether one can conscientiously hold property

in slaves. Since this point has not yet been determined, I enjoin it on my son Martin and his heirs that they spare no pains to come to an exact knowledge of the truth, as a matter which deeply concerns the conscience of each of them no less than mine." Under Montezuma the husbandmen and tradesmen of Mexico gave a third of all they got to the crown, and the poor worked without wages for the court —their ruler quaintly enough guaranteeing them, in his oath of office on ascending the throne, not only "the religion and laws of their ancestors," but "seasonable rains, no inundation of rivers, no sterility of soil, or malignant influences of the sun." Hard and unjust as this seems, it was an equitable and benevolent system as compared with the one which now was to bind even heavier burdens upon the backs of these poor natives. Cortez inaugurated, or rather perpetuated, the scandalous Spanish system of *repartimientos* in his distribution of the lands after the conquest; and finding, later, how the people had been enslaved by its utterly vicious and tyrannous enactments, as carried out by his followers, he tried to remedy the evil by writing to the Emperor a private letter concerning it. In this he said that "the superior capacity of the Indians in New Spain made it a grievous thing to condemn them to servitude, but that the Spaniards were so harassed and impoverished that they could not otherwise maintain themselves, and he had at length waived his own scruples in compliance with repeated remonstrances; but that the law ought to be annulled."

Annulled it was, for Cortez just then was all-powerful at court; but when the law-making power is some thousands of miles from the law-enforcing one, and there is any collision of interests between them, it has always been observed that the ordinances and regulations of the first are practically but so much waste paper. It was so in this case. Cortez's anxieties and fears were but too well founded. His son, Don Martin, either did not exert himself to reverse conditions that had one excellent effect—a goodly row of figures on the right side of his factor's balance-sheet—or found it impossible to stem the flood-tide of avaricious enterprise which had seized upon the country. It would have been about as easy a task as to attempt to choke the Nile inundation back into the bed of the stream. They had come, seen, conquered. They would have the spoils. Cortez himself could not have controlled them, living. Dead, he was but a name. The crown legislated. The colonists evaded or defied all edicts that interfered with their "rights." And, unhappily, their

rights were the grievous wrongs of the Indians. New Spain remained a dependency of the Spanish crown, and in all things beside was ruled by the Cortes; but in this, under five governors, two *audencias*, and sixty-two viceroys, the colonists continued in one way or another to keep what they had won, as they had won it, by force.

Now and then the Indians found a friend and protector. Antonio de Mendoza, the first Viceroy—a liberal-minded man, who set up the first printing-press and founded the first mint in the country—did a great deal to mitigate the hardships of their servitude. The second Viceroy, Luis de Velasco, went farther, and liberated 150,000 of them. The fourth, Don Martin de Almanza, showed them great kindness during the fearful plague in the sixteenth century. But these were merely benevolent episodes in a tyrannous political system that lasted three centuries—a long travail, terrible to think of, most patiently borne by a gentle people—a system that could but work out its own evil principle, the seed of injustice ripening day by day, month by month, year by year, in open oppression, unknown cruelties, suffering that can never be estimated, sorrows that heaven itself could scarcely turn into joy, and sins that cried aloud, and not in vain, for vengeance.

What was true of the State was true of its ally, the Church. The great-hearted Cortez, the humane Velasco, felt what the latter nobly expressed when he was accused of having ruined the mining industry of the province by emancipating so many slaves—"The liberty of one Indian is worth more than all the mines in the world"—but the rank-and-file of the Spanish soldiers of fortune, who found themselves the conquerors of a country vast and rich enough to arouse the greed and ambition of a goatherd, were troubled with no Quixotic scruples whatever; were minded to get all they could and keep all they got; considered that one Spaniard was worth the whole Indian race; and looked upon every Indian as a mine to be worked to its utmost yielding capacity for their personal benefit. In the same way the Church that produced men like Fray Olmedo, Bartolomé de las Casas, Fray Pedro de Gante, and many others like them, who would have given the world, and did give their lives and all that other men hold precious, for the salvation of Indian souls, and died ministering to their wants, bodily, mental, and spiritual, produced also a class of priests who were a disgrace to humanity—men who brought an ingeniously contrived and relentlessly applied set of spiritual thumbscrews to bear upon ignorant and timid souls,

and by a system of fees, bequests, trusts, masses for the dead and anathemas on the living, enriched themselves, while they became the masters of those whom they had vowed to serve as the servants of their common Master. The religious enthusiasm that animated some of the Spanish knights, that sent the Franciscans out into the wilderness to win by their wise methods a whole continent for God first, and then for the crown of Castile, degenerated into a feudal tyranny so absolute and a spiritual sentiment so degraded that, according to Gamboa, gangs of chained slaves were publicly sent on *festas* to the Sanctuario de la Piedad, there to be piously imprisoned, mulcted, tortured. Wonderful, melancholy spectacle, one of the most curious contrasts ever presented by man, the worm, the god! The latter half of the eighteenth century found Mexico ruled in accordance with the laws, ideas, traditions, of the fifteenth. The people were fleeced by the State by the right political, which takes no account of ethics—the right which is might; and by the Church by right divine, according to sacerdotal interpretation: so, crushed between the upper and nether millstones of the two powers, they lay motionless, helpless, hopeless, as in a vice, while the viceroy, the constable, the inquisitor, put on the screws and gave them another and another turn. Never was any dominion more complete and absolute, for it extended not only to the bodies but to the minds and souls of the governed, and embraced the whole scheme of things, the present and the future, this life and the life to come, earth and heaven—and last, most powerful factor of all, hell. To be punished in this world and damned in the next seemed the two terrible, unavoidable certainties unless the powers that dispensed protection and salvation could somehow be propitiated; and to do this it was worth while to sweat blood, to starve outright, to submit to anything and everything.

The methods, the motives, of the two powers differed; the result, so far as the people were concerned, was the same. The revenues extorted by the crown all during the viceregal period were so enormous as to amount, practically, to wholesale confiscation; and so stupidly grasping was the policy of the home Government that not only all commerce between Mexico and other nations than the Spanish was forbidden, but that between the colony and the mother-country was burdened with every oppressive and restrictive regulation that tyrannical dulness and boundless greed could invent and enforce. The foreign prince who came to the English throne, and,

through ignorance of the language, made the damaging admission to a welcoming mayor and council: "I have come here for your goods," stated concisely the position and policy of Spain toward Mexico. It was not the good, but the goods, of the people that she desired. The enslaved Indians, a peaceful, industrious population, were despoiled, despised. They had no past, for they had never been free; they had no future, for they never dreamed of ever becoming so; they submitted to the evils of the present with a most marvellous and touching patience, as to the inevitable and irremediable. The creoles, even, were treated with the greatest contempt, and made to feel that to be born in Mexico was in itself a crime, no matter how clear or pure a Spanish descent could be shown. The half-castes were classed with the despicable "Indios," and oppressed as such with perfect impartiality. All the riches, power, prestige of the country—its political, social, religious organization, were by this means concentrated and kept in the hands of the Spaniards. All the high posts, public trusts, responsible positions, prerogatives, and privileges, were theirs; the hard work, indignities, humble offices, kicks, and ha'pence fell to the natives, as their share of a common country's benefits. The Spaniards grew ever haughtier, richer, and more powerful, until there was no limit to their pride and arrogance. The natives sank proportionately lower and lower; and neither class ever dreamed that the day of earthly reckoning would come, in which the mighty should be put down from their seat by the humble and weak. Yet it was so ordered by "the Lord God of recompenses."

It was a far cry, as fox-hunters would say, from the moment in which the silver trumpets of the heralds of Charles V. proclaimed Cortez "Governor, Captain-General, and Chief-Justice of New Spain," and so inaugurated a despotism, to that other moment on the 8th of May, 1753, when liberty found her voice in the first wailing cry of a new-born child—Miguel Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico.

How tremendous may be the issues involved when we say that a man-child is born into the world—a child that may become an Elwes or a Howard, an Alva or a Gordon, an Arnold or a Bayard, a Caligula or a Solomon, a Judas or a St. John! How curious to think that if this child had not been numbered with the living, Spain might even now be holding Mexico by the throat, and that the acorn of freedom which he planted and watered with his blood, and which

we hope to see grow into an oak of the fairest and noblest proportions, might not have germinated for another century. It would, it must, have come sooner or later, but how well that it should be as soon as possible!

A charming little pastoral is kept among the traditions of Mexico, which relates how, in 1752, a certain Don Cristobal Hidalgo of Costilla wooed and won a wife. He was a native of Tezupilco, in the *intendencia* of Mexico, and at that time was administering the *hacienda* of San Diego de Corralejo, in the municipality of Péngamo, state of Guanajuato. In the southern part of this *hacienda* there was a small farm, consisting only of a few fields, and a hut in ruins. Here lived the lessee, Antonio Gallaja, like the Chevalier de St. Foix, "*sans six sous, et sans souci.*" With him lived two daughters and an orphaned niece, Anna Maria by name, a beautiful girl, to whom in the kindness of his heart he had given a home, if not much of a shelter. Anna Maria was not only beautiful, but gentle and good, and somehow these facts were noised abroad and came to the ears of Don Cristobal, who, purely in the capacity of *administrador* (as was proved by his arraying himself in his best), rode off a few days afterward to San Vicente, to assure himself that the *arrendatario* was managing that magnificent property upon entirely scientific and economic principles. He arrived about dinner-time, and no doubt the family were thrown into a pretty flutter in consequence. Anna Maria was evidently thought "not good enough," with all her piety, to sit at table with the great man, but served the meal for them all, and waited behind her uncle's chair. I have no doubt, personally, that worthy Antonio's daughters were ugly girls, who did their best to fascinate Don Cristobal, whose eyes were constantly wandering elsewhere, attracted by the modest beauty of the poor relation. The sequel shows as much, indeed, and pretty, dark-eyed Anna Maria knew as well as though she had been a woman of fifty, and had had a score of suitors, what those glances meant. She must have shown, too, that she was not exactly displeased by them, for after dinner she listened to a great deal that Don Cristobal found he had to say to her, and talked a little, and walked part of the way home with him when at last he took his leave without having mentioned corn or beans, ploughing or irrigation, once in the course of his visit. When he parted with her he gave her a gold-piece, man-fashion, which she, woman-fashion, hung about her neck in token that "my true love hath my heart and I have his." It would have bought a great many things that Anna

Maria must have needed and often longed for; but I am sure that, poor as she was, she would have parted with all that she had rather than change it. When she returned to the cottage she shyly showed it to her cousin, who displayed the same feminine insight into such matters that Naomi did when Ruth brought home in her veil the six measures of barley given her by Boaz, and sagely bade her "await results." She had not long to wait, for Don Cristobal was back again soon, and asked her hand; and very shortly after that, there being nothing and nobody to interfere, Boaz took Ruth—I mean Don Cristobal took "*la bonita* Anna Maria" away with him, and she became his wife.

Their first child, Hidalgo, according to Mexican usage, was born in the mother's house—in this case her uncle's house—at San Vicente. How little could his girl-mother, supposing her to have looked from the babe on her lap up to the roof overhead, thatched perhaps indifferently with patches of sky and *tulle*, have dreamed that her helpless little one, so poor, so humble a pariah among the Brahmins, was destined to overthrow the all-powerful Government under which she and her people had lived and groaned so long that it seemed as eternal and immutable as the sky itself. It had afforded her but little shelter; it was in ruins, like that roof; yet if Liberty (in her cap) could have appeared to the young mother and whispered the truth in her ear, she would certainly have been taken for mad Folly and shown the door. A roof was a roof, and a government a government, let them be as bad as they might.

Happy and tranquil beyond that of most children was the home of this child, the future leader of a sanguinary revolution. His father was a man of respectable position; but it is possible to be respectable, and respected, on much less in Mexico than in England or the United States, and nothing could well have been simpler than the life of the family. But if there was no ostentation, or display, or luxury in it, there was no want either. At home there were the kind father, the simple, loving, virtuous mother, the duties and pleasures that filled each day to the brim. All around and about him were the wide, pleasant country, other *haciendas*, other humble families of kinsfolk and friends. No doubt he saw and heard many things in them that he never afterwards forgot (nearly all of our indelible impressions being made upon us, it is said, before we are seven years old)—scenes of grief, oppression, cruelty, that bred in him the love of his people and country that was to find such full and noble expres-

sion in his after life. No doubt his childish heart often swelled with indignation over some act of injustice, or melted with pity over the ruin or wretchedness of those whom he knew and loved. He must have kept these things in his heart and brooded over them.

For a long time it seemed as though he were to remain in, and be entirely of, this obscure community; for his father came of the class upon which the social and political ostracism told most severely —the creoles. Our Hidalgo was not an hidalgo in the Spanish sense "*hijo de alguno*" (son of a somebody), but the son of a nobody. Not an "*hidalgo de naturaleza*," deriving privileges from his ancestors; his patent was signed by his Creator alone. He was not an "*hidalgo de privelegio*," who had purchased rank or secured it by court favor; he was as poor as John the Baptist in the wilderness, and had as little to do with those in kings' houses. All the doors of position and preferment would have been open to him, when the question of his future came up, if he had belonged to any of these privileged classes. As it was, his parents were not troubled by any great choice of alternatives. There were open to creoles agriculture, or the brilliant career of Don Cristobal and his neighbors, commerce, the bar, the Church. Two of these required a considerable outlay of capital. Don Cristobal decided to educate his son and put him into the Church, which had more charity than any other Spanish institution, and did not go to the length of condemning all creoles as base, incapable of self-government, and worthy of nothing but contempt, because, forsooth, they had been born on Mexican soil. The Church had even persisted in educating the Indians, and had sent forth some men who afterwards became eminent astronomers, scientists, writers, mathematicians, although conservatives proclaimed it but labor lost and money wasted. Lopez complained to the Emperor in the beginning that it was but a foolish and wicked enterprise (that of establishing Indian schools), and said:

"They should be limited to the Pater Noster, Credo, Ave Maria, and Commandments. They have been taught to read, write, punctuation, music, grammar —thanks to natural ability, with the devil's help. They speak as elegant Latin as Tullius, such is their accursed skill. They have translated and read all the Scriptures—the same thing that has ruined so many in Spain and given birth to a thousand heresies—being disciples of Satan."

Happily for Hidalgo the Church was willing to receive him. There were those who, for love of God, were ready to develop and improve to the utmost the talents that God had not seen fit to reserve exclu-

sively for bestowal on Spaniards. The child was put to school, and proved a most docile and wonderfully intelligent pupil; learned to read and write like a flash (perhaps with "the devil's help") and could soon recite the *Ripalda* from memory; in short, he absorbed knowledge as a sponge does water. Almost as little is known of his youth as of his childhood; nothing, indeed, except that he was sent to a seminary from school, and, eventually, to the College of San Nicolas of Valladolid, founded by the first Bishop of Michoacan, under the patronage of Charles V. The archives of San Nicolas were destroyed, unfortunately, by the French, but the tradition of Hidalgo's brilliant scholarship has survived; of how he won golden opinions, numerous prizes, and the affection of his schoolfellows, who called him "*el gorro*" (the fox) because of his skill in debate, quoted him, admired him, imitated him, made him, even then, their leader and head. With the keen, unvitiated instinct of early youth, they had divined the great intellectual and moral superiority of their companion, and gave him the enthusiastic love and entire obedience that a boy is so glad to yield, where he honors the recipient, and honors himself, in yielding. And this influence, in the case of some of them, was to deepen; to link their destinies with his in a great and stirring future; to last as long as life itself. A college is a world in little, and that Hidalgo could inspire such feelings and gain such an ascendency showed early what he was—a born leader of men. It was most characteristic of him that he refused to take the $4,000 awarded him with his doctor's degree, insisting that it should revert to the institution and be used, as was intended, for the education of the ignorant. In due time he took orders. Born a thinker, a philosopher, a revolutionist, he now put on an ecclesiastical strait-jacket, and renounced all these things. "The pomps and vanities of this wicked world" could never have appealed very strongly to a nature so noble, and it was doubtless no great sacrifice to lay upon the altar the worldly success that, equipped as he was, may be said to have been already in his grasp, to renounce a service that gives the lowest rewards for the highest devotion, the most complete surrender of health, time, means, for one that repays the least sacrifice with the highest satisfactions. But to agree to rob himself of his birthright and surrender all personal freedom and intellectual independence was another matter; and it soon became evident that he had promised what it was impossible for him to yield.

In the Church, as in the world, it seemed that preferment awaited

him. He was admitted to the Chapter of the cathedral, and soon showed such ability that he was made its rector. A pastoral staff, perhaps a cardinal's hat, might have followed, for the force of his mind and the charm of his manner were beginning to be widely felt, when a stop was put to his further promotion. It began to be whispered that the gifted *Catedratico's* orthodoxy was by no means assured—that he had expressed anything but unqualified belief in sacred history as set forth by church historians; that he not only read the *Lettres Provinciales* himself, and the works of Serri and others of the same dangerous tendency, but had "introduced" the Jansenist literature. He was accused of these enormities; denied nothing; was disciplined. His private character was so unassailable and his talents so conspicuous, that to have dealt too rigorously with him would have been to create a scandal; so he was simply reproved and relegated to an obscure parish. The Chapter (if it was the Chapter) of the cathedral may have congratulated themselves upon this clever solution of their difficulty. But if they did so, it was prematurely. It is no use to try to pop an extinguisher from a bedroom candlestick over the sun; and the only way to get rid of men like Hidalgo is to do as Santa Anna did when his enemies proved troublesome—kill them all. It was easy enough to put Hidalgo in the background, but to keep him there was quite another matter. Not that there was any revolt on his part—he accepted the position of a parish priest meekly enough. But nevertheless he became the famous *Cura* of Dolores. He had no personal ambition, and seems not only to have cheerfully accommodated himself to his new duties and surroundings, but to have had the highest conception of the moral and spiritual obligations assumed with the care of the humblest flock by a true priest. His field of action was changed, circumscribed, but he brought to it the zeal, energy, and abilities that had already made him a man of note. He began by making himself the father and friend of his people; interested himself in all their affairs; sympathized with all their joys and sorrows; settled most of the disputes that arose among them; instructed them; counselled, comforted, confessed them; and, not content with preparing them for death, taught them how to live. He put his whole heart into his work, and, as his knowledge of the character and needs of his people increased, his government of them assumed a more and more paternal and personal character, until his influence over them became unbounded. This enabled him

to carry out certain reforms that he had devised in their interest. They were such as only an acute intelligence, combined with unusual practical sagacity, could have successfully inaugurated and completed. Ignorance and poverty, as he saw, were the worst foes of his flock; so he gradually, but steadily, set himself to overthrow them. He established potteries; he set up brick-kilns and tanneries; he had extensive vineyards planted, and made wine in spite of the Government's prohibition; he had hemp planted for his rope-factories; he had groves of mulberry-trees planted (that are still shown), and settled thriving colonies of silk-worms upon them; he established parish schools; he lectured, advised, preached, catechised; he introduced new agricultural methods, new seeds and plants; and by the force of his own tremendous energy and will infused into a population accustomed to do only what their fathers had always done—and to do that day after to-morrow—enough spirit and intelligence to set and keep in motion every one of these industries. In short, he revolutionized his district. It took many years, a life-time, indeed, to carry out all these plans, but his patience matched his purpose. Strength is always patient. His name and his fame spread abroad, of course, while he quietly went his way, investigating, inspiring, directing, governing his little kingdom with an ideally royal wisdom and justice, but in his coarse serge cassock scarcely to be distinguished, outwardly, from one of his peasants.

But with all these duties and cares, he kept up his interest in men and things, in his friends, old and new, in public questions, in literature, philosophy, theology, jurisprudence. He made a critical examination of the Scriptures for himself. The Chapter of San Nicolas would have fallen down, like the lady-sailors in the *Mantelpiece*, in so many "separate fainting-fits," if they could have seen his library, so many books were there that they had only seen in the *Index Expurgatorius*. The ideas, the dynamic forces that were to explode later and rend the existing state of things with frightful violence—liberty of conscience, freedom of thought, hatred of tyranny—were generated slowly but surely in that quiet study. It contained in protoplasmic form the whole future of Mexico. But no one would have supposed so then, for the little room was the most cheerful spot in all Dolores. There the societies, benevolent or social, that he had founded, met, the clubs, the guilds, and other associations. There he had *musicales*, gathered about him the intimate friends whom he loved, the distinguished strangers who were

always seeking his society. These simple, friendly reunions were often merry affairs, with some jests, stories, laughter, a little music and talk, some modest refreshments, and then separation; the whole made delightful by Hidalgo, whose courteous manners, affability, amiability, and generally genial qualities did as much to make him a charming host as his extraordinary talents and culture. But more often it was a sort of congress, in which great questions were discussed, and in which some of the first men in Mexico took part; while Hidalgo, a trained disputant and debater, arraigned the Government, or advocated the emancipation and elevation of the Indians, and other radical reforms—the regeneration of society, the right of private judgment, "liberty in all for all"—with an eloquence that carried all before it and gave the first impulse to a national movement.

It was inevitable that a man so gifted, so audacious, so far ahead of his age and country, such an exceptional "dodo" of a curate as compared with the average Mexican parish-priest of the time, such a contrast to nearly every other official in Church or State; a man who read Copernicus, Galileo, Descartes, Pascal, Voltaire, and, being neither a hypocrite nor a coward, made no attempt to conceal his views, but gave them the fullest and frankest expression; a man who knew more of law than the legal advisers of the crown; who could quote the early fathers to the confusion of archbishops; who could govern better than the Governor-General and all his satellites, and left nothing for the magistrates to do in his province—it was inevitable that such a man should be an "offensive" member of society, and should excite the suspicion and jealousy of the Spanish authorities, civil and religious. Accordingly, the governors of the Inquisition labelled him "unorthodox," "dangerous," and marked him for their own. The *cura's* pleasant little evenings were represented as dreadful orgies. Fray Joaquin Fresca denounced him as a wicked priest. It was said that he was opposed to the Government and all the powers that were; that he sympathized with the men and ideas of the French Revolution; that he was no ascetic, did not believe in flagellation, had mocked at Santa Teresa as "an old delusion," called the apostles ignorant men, was not afraid of *inferno* personally, but thought that if there was such a place that some of the pontiffs and saints (so esteemed) were in it, "explained the world on philosophical principles," interpreted the Bible to suit himself. All these reports, with a thousand others, were put

in active circulation and found eager, easy credence. But beyond this it was not easy to go. Hidalgo was noted for the conscientious fulfilment of all his duties. He was extremely popular with his charge. His life was so stainless that the worst thing that even his enemies could find to say of him in this respect was that he was "too cheerful," fond of music and the society of his intimates. So he was severely admonished—and did not distress himself in the least about it, the truth being that he knew that he had given no occasion for rebuke. Cheerful he was, as the sun is, and full of energy, enthusiasm, beneficent activity; but these were not crimes, and whatever his opinions might be, he felt that they were such as an honest man could not but entertain, and no priest need consequently blush for. So he merely went on quietly doing his best with his parish work and his multifarious schemes for improving the condition of his people, and left the Inquisition to do its worst.

The civil authorities were not one whit better pleased with him than the religious ones. His politics were as offensive as his economics (as shown in his province); it was known that he preferred a republic to a monarchy, and rumored that he wanted all the slaves liberated, regardless of public or private revenues, or considerations of any kind. He was "a Frenchman" and a foe to good (?) government—and one to be dreaded, too, as was shown not only by his influence in his own immediate neighborhood, but by the way in which it was growing and extending. The problem *que faire?* was solved by the Government far more successfully than by the Inquisition—if its action could be called a success when its effect was in the long run so disastrous.

It was the Government's settled policy to discourage all Mexican manufactures and industries; but the rulers must have known that they were striking Hidalgo in a vital spot when they applied these enlightened general principles to his province very specially and particularly, declaring that he was interfering with the revenues of the crown, and ordering his vineyards and other industries to be destroyed.

Hidalgo was utterly indignant—outraged, indeed, beyond measure; and one can fancy with what grief and wrath he must have stood by and seen the work of years—the best work of his life, as he no doubt thought it, the work of his heart, so wisely planned, so patiently and industriously carried out—utterly demolished by a brutally stupid set of rulers, really, and actually by a gang of workmen.

Great must have been the dismay and distress of his people, who were thrown back into a direr poverty and confusion of purpose and ideas than they had ever known. But the head that had devised it all, the great heart of the good shepherd that had so loved the flock, must have throbbed to bursting over this descent of the wolf into the sheepfold. Hidalgo's remonstrances were treated with contempt. There seemed no hope of better things in the future. He must have felt utterly defeated, for he was growing to be an old man; the century had gone that saw his birth, and with the new one had not come the new Mexico of which he had dreamed.

Yet she was coming, coming very rapidly; and this act of petty tyranny was but the signal for the curtain to rise and reveal her, not that for its descent upon a hopeless nation. It had done its work in showing him that there was no issue out of the tyranny and misery of Spanish rule except—revolution: and when "desperation is all the policy, strength, and defence" of a people, they are indeed formidable, as no one knew better than Hidalgo. The *cura* of Dolores no longer devoted himself exclusively to the affairs of his parish and his province. It was noticed that he went abroad a good deal and visited his friends in various parts of the country—his old comrades of the canton of Jalapa, Allende, Aldama, Abasolo; the Marquis of Rayas, Don Casimirio Chovell, Don Mariano Jimenez, Don José Maria Chico, and others, all wealthy and prominent gentlemen. Everywhere he was made welcome, pressed to stay, honored, if not feasted, and before leaving would always make or renew acquaintance with the *cura* of the neighborhood, usually one of the humble creole clergy and in sympathy with the people. These visits were returned, and the little house in Dolores became more than ever the resort of the thinkers of the country.

The fruit of these reunions was not long in making its appearance. Juntas were formed here and there; conspirators were found everywhere; forms of government were discussed; medals with the image of the Virgin of Guadaloupe were cast. In spite of the ignorance of the masses, the absolutism of the rulers, the fanaticism of the women, and the precautions and suspicions of the clergy, certain ideas had been for a long while steadily gaining ground. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the authorities books had crept in containing doctrines pronounced "dangerous and damnable"; theories and opinions had been disseminated among, and by, the higher classes, and had filtered down to the lowest in an extraordinary way. The

example of the English colonies, the French Revolution, Humboldt's visit, had been so many winged seeds floating far and wide, and lodging vague longings and desires in the minds of men. Three hundred years of pride, cruelty, bad faith, insolence, had prepared the soil but too well for their reception, had produced that hatred of tyranny and tyrants which makes patriots by implanting a deep love of country. So Hidalgo and his friends had no difficulty in gaining the ear of the people. The storm they had helped to brew was before long ready to burst, and it was now a question how to direct it. The discontent was genuine and wide-spread, but how to give it effective practical shape was a great problem. On one side were an absolute Government, an all-powerful Church, the army, all officials, the women, the greater part of the professional men, the petty traders, and a vast horde of *employés*, henchmen, parasites, such as "the power that is" always collects and maintains. On the other, ideas—"words, words, words." Great as were the material odds in such a conflict, the spiritual and moral were infinitely greater. The mountain of ignorance was in labor, but what could one reasonably expect it to bring forth? How free a people so long enslaved as to have become torpid, fanatical, degraded? How get any united action with class divided against class, the father against the son? It was not a problem to be solved at once. To talk of freedom and equality and "French liberty for Americans," was one thing; to get it, quite another.

A season of deliberation, preparation, disquiet, and agitation set in, yet not without significant signs of the times. Among these were the prosecution of Don Antonio Rogas, Professor of Mathematics, by the Inquisition, for liberal ideas; and an effort made by the merchants of Mexico, in 1808, to get the Viceroy to call a Cortes to decide upon all home affairs in the province of New Spain—resulting in the petitioners being promptly consigned to prison, although they represented all the wealth and respectability of the commercial class, which had become tired of the arbitrary, utterly contradictory, and senseless restrictions put upon trade by the mother-country. The people were rendered furious by this summary way of settling a political question, and thirsted to be revenged upon their rulers; yet, strange to say, it was a Spaniard, and no less a Spaniard than the Viceroy himself, who cast the first stone at that crumbling edifice, the régime he represented. When Napoleon "having picked up the French crown and put

it on his own head," set about providing similar ornaments for the members of his family, Ferdinand VII. was forced to give up the sceptre of Spain to Joseph Bonaparte, and Mexico became the appendage of an appendage. The Viceroy, Don José de Iturrigaray, thought he saw his opportunity in all this adversity, and declined to acknowledge, or pay tribute to, any one of several juntas convened in Ferdinand's name in different parts of Spain. He thought to rule Mexico himself, and the creoles and half-castes hailed him as the entering wedge that was to enable them to split off from the mother-country. But the Spaniards in the colony lost no time in seizing the Viceroy, put him first into the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, and then sent him back to Spain; put a Spanish marshal in his place, who reigned until, by order of the "Junta Central Española," the Archbishop of Mexico succeeded him. This saintly person, who ought to have remembered that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the State as well as of the Church, had the Liciendado Verdad (a creole leader whose name [truth] was as indestructible as his principles, which summarized were, "Mexico the fair, free forever from the foreigner!") brought to the archiepiscopal palace and executed, little dreaming that Spanish rule died with him.

A year after this a conspiracy in Michoacan was discovered and crushed. There is no proof that Hidalgo was concerned in it, but his friend Allende was, and he probably knew of, but did not devise or direct it. Juntas were now held by the conspirators in Valladolid and the city of Mexico to discuss ways and means of revolt, and, which was most characteristic, proclaim an independence not yet gained! The whole country was in a ferment. At midnight and long after, when the streets of Dolores were deserted, and there were a hundred echoes for every footstep, the *cura's* house was filled with eager, enthusiastic conspirators, impatient to begin the fray—Allende, Aldama, Abasolo, Hidalgo's three old college friends (captains of the Queen's Regiment in garrison at Guanajuato), Jimenez, Chico, Chovell, the Marquis of Rayas, and other gentlemen, representing the principal families and interests of Guanajuato; the Intendente Riaño, an official of high rank; Dominguez, a local magistrate who had discharged various public trusts with great credit and honor to himself. These, with a number of other and humbler friends in council, assembled, debated the principles of '93 and of the American Revolution, and tried to fix upon

some definite course of action. They were all of one heart, but not of one mind. Some were still for waiting, for appealing to the crown to reform certain evils and abuses, and grant a Mexican Cortes subject to that of Spain; in short, for temporizing. The more conservative among them could not at once make up their minds to shake off bonds which were grievous, indeed, but which tradition and custom had made familiar, if not dear. It was a signal evidence of Hidalgo's acute and comprehensive intellect, that at this crisis he saw the futility of all delays, compromises, regrets; and the necessity of breaking altogether with the past. He showed the courage of youth in advocating extreme measures—a courage the higher because he had none of the illusions of youth to support it. He knew exactly what he was doing, and had a clear vision of the consequences of such acts. "The authors of such enterprises never see their completion," he said, and then went on to advocate entire separation from Spain and the establishment of a government "founded on the eternal principles of liberty and justice," with all his own eloquence. With what profound emotion must the little company have listened to him, and entered into the covenant that so many of them were to seal with their blood. What a picture it is, this of the silver-haired *cura*, catching the light that God meant should lighten every man that comes into the world, like some Alpine peak, and transmitting it to the valleys—the lesser souls that were yet capable of receiving, dying for it! From this moment Hidalgo seems to have become the acknowledged, as he had long been the unacknowledged, leader of the movement for national independence, and to have commanded in war, as he had done in peace, "by sovereignty of nature."

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

(*Conclusion in the next number.*)

MEN OF LETTERS AT BORDEAUX IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BORDEAUX, for some fifty years in the middle of the sixteenth century, was the home of a circle of men of letters whose names, with the sole exception of Montaigne's, are now rarely heard, and whose work, save his, is now forgotten.

But the interest that Montaigne inspires may naturally extend to the men with whom he lived. He is so much our contemporary, as he has been of all the intermediate generations, his influence is still so living, that we may well desire to know what relation he held to the men of his own day; to know how far the character, the thoughts, of "*le Français le plus sage qui ait jamais existé*," as Sainte-Beuve styles him, were akin to those of his neighbors; and how many of those persons with whom he was in daily intercourse he could meet on grounds of sympathy, and terms of comparative intellectual and moral equality.

Bordeaux was famous in his time not only, as now, for her commerce, but for her college (which Montaigne declared "*le meilleur de France*"), and for the high character of some of her magistrates. She ranked as the third great city of France, and the office of her mayor (held by both Montaigne and his father, but usually only by noblemen of high rank) was one of much dignity and more than civic importance. Her past history—illustrated by the noble ruins of a Roman temple and amphitheatre, and by the scarcely less enduring parchment records of her dramatic fortunes under English rule, as well as under French—strengthened the local patriotism of her citizens, and kept them constantly on the watch against the abridgment of their liberties by royal tyranny. Such watchfulness led to frequent remonstrance and often violent resistance; while to the civic perturbations and to the public sufferings in Montaigne's day, due to the civil wars, during which hostile forces often trampled back and forth over the province of Guienne, were added the private dissensions that arose as Guienne became one of the centres of the Reformation.

But neither the spirit of war nor of religion prevailed over the

spirit of learning; and her scholars sought refuge from trouble in the company of "the ancients," and strove to forget the tumultuous scenes around them by cherishing the associations appropriate to Bordeaux as the birth-place of Ausonius.

The circle of classical students included learned magistrates of the Parliament as well as the regents of the college. To all these scholars the Latin tongue was almost more familiar than the French; they relieved their official duties by the composition of Latin poems, and even of tragedies in Latin, which "were represented," says Montaigne, "with some dignity in our *Collége de Guienne*." He adds that he himself, at the age of eleven, "was held to be a master workman" in this business, and sustained the principal parts in the performances. It was in Latin that they wrote letters to their friends as well as works for posterity; and, in spite of royal edicts to the contrary, Gascony still framed her laws in Latin. Montaigne did not approve this custom, and declared that he took it as a favor of fortune that, "as our historians say, it was a Gascon gentleman, and belonging to my part of the country, who first opposed the desire of Charlemagne to give us Latin, and imperial laws." But still he indulged himself in the pleasure of making Latin verses; and he confesses that, even for him, more than was reasonable, "*le latin me pipe par la faveur de sa dignité*." It would seem to have been merely the consequence of his original genius that he wrote his essays in French. He believed himself to be addressing "only a few men for a few years"; had he desired the duration of his book, he says, "it would have been needful to commit it to a strange language." Even twenty years later De Thou wrote his *History* and his *Memoirs* in Latin.

This prevalent use of Latin was allied to the passionate love of study that had sprung up all over France, stimulated by the familiarity with Italian civilization that resulted from the wars of Charles VIII. and Francis I.; and influenced in some measure by the personal tastes of Francis and of his sister Margaret. Everywhere, the young and the old, Frenchmen and learned foreigners, French by adoption, philosophers and poets, accomplished women as well as men, devoted themselves with enthusiasm to the acquisition of ancient learning, and labored with the utmost patience in its cause; or, more exactly, in that of erudition, since their studies were devoted more to the form than to the substance of literature. Montaigne accused the intellectual labors of the day of filling only the memory, not the

mind nor the soul; but they were pursued with a disinterestedness most exemplary, save for its vein of rivalry. Browning has given a vivid presentation of the qualities of such students in his "Grammarian's Funeral," which one could almost believe had been suggested by the passage in Montaigne concerning the man who "will die at his books that he may teach posterity the measure of the verse of Plautus, and the true orthography of a Latin word." Sometimes, it is true, their ardor led, not purposely, but by chance, to fortune and high estate; but many of them died behind the prison-bars of poverty, with their tasks only half accomplished, so that their imperfect labors made a scarcely perceptible addition to the treasure of the world's knowledge.

It was perhaps a hundred years later than this that an academy was founded at Bordeaux with the purpose, in the words of its founder, "*pour polir et perfectionner les talents admirables que la nature donne si libéralement aux hommes nés sous ce climat.*" In the sixteenth century the group of Bordeaux scholars composed, as it were, an informal academy. They communicated to one another their researches and their discoveries, the professors questioning the lawyers regarding difficult points of ancient jurisprudence, and the lawyers seeking light from the professors on matters of language and literature. The elder Scaliger was in frequent communication with them, and his sons were educated at the College of Guienne. Somewhat earlier, Rabelais visited Bordeaux more than once, and characteristically appears as originator first and mediator afterwards of an amusing quarrel between two of the professors—thin-skinned sons of the ancients, one of whom had a great taste for mustard, and the other a great fear of thunder; and who, each attacking the other and defending himself, fought in the most voluble Latin verse and with the most classical Billingsgate.

One of the counsellors, called by De Thou "the first jurisconsult of the age," is spoken of by Rabelais as "*le bon, le docte, le saige, le tant humain, tant débonnaire, et équitable André Tiraqueau.*" A touch of personal gratitude mingled with these praises, for Tiraqueau, when lieutenant-general of the bailiwick of Fontenoy, had released Rabelais from imprisonment at the hands of the Cordeliers of the place.

Among the professors of that time was for some years the well-known Scotchman, George Buchanan. He had previously been the private tutor of the boy who became Murray, Regent of Scotland,

and he was later the private tutor of the little French boy who afterwards wrote Montaigne's *Essays*. It seems a pity he did not make records of their doings, instead of writing *Rerum Scoticarum Historia*. Montaigne says that, in later years, Buchanan told him that he intended to write an account of the remarkable system of education arranged by the elder Montaigne for his son, which Buchanan was then more or less following out with another pupil; but he seems never to have done so.

Buchanan was in relations of close friendship with the first principal of the college, André de Gouvea—to whom it was indebted for much of its wide renown—and with one of his successors, the learned Vinet. Gouvea was a Portuguese, but in the course of his thirteen years' residence at Bordeaux (whither he came after distinguishing himself at Paris), he received, with much public ceremonial, letters of naturalization in France, at the hands of the elder Montaigne. He afterward, however, returned to Portugal by invitation of the King, to found the University of Coimbra; and not only Buchanan, but all the regents (the professors) of the *Collége de Guienne* accompanied him. Fortunately, other distinguished scholars stood ready to replace them.

As we come down from the days of Montaigne's boyhood to those of his manhood, the most conspicuous figure at Bordeaux is that of Largebaton, President of the Parliament, a man of great learning, experience, and authority, of equal courage and devotion to justice, and an eager defender of the political liberties of his fellow-citizens. Nor of *their* liberties alone. It was during his presidency that a Norman merchant brought to Bordeaux negroes for sale. The Parliament ordered their chains to be struck off, and by a memorable decree declared that "France, the mother of liberty, could not recognize slavery."

After the death of Largebaton there were found, it is said, among his papers a number of royal edicts which he had suppressed of his own authority, because they seemed to him too burdensome on the people; and it is further reported that, at times, when he received such royal missives, he could not master his indignation, and would slit them with his penknife, saying: "*Par Sainte Claude, vous serez ganivetés* [cut to pieces]!" The irascibility and curtness which this tradition indicates as enlivening his moderation and wisdom, found vent also, less happily, in a political quarrel with Montaigne, of which the details are too involved with public

affairs for narration here. He was the L'Hôpital of Bordeaux, and, like L'Hôpital, not less learned in letters than in law.

In 1565 he welcomed L'Hôpital to Bordeaux. It was on the occasion of a "*lit de justice*" held by Charles IX. Various motives determined the King, or, rather, his mother, to this step, but in the mind of the royal chancellor, L'Hôpital, the prevailing influence was the wish to deliver a "*mercuriale*" to the Parliament of Bordeaux, which he knew to be occupying itself with party politics, to the prejudice of its proper business. Largebaton himself, its own president, had denounced it, both to the King and to the Queen-mother, an act of generous daring for which his subordinates never forgave him.

Bordeaux received the King with a splendor surpassing that displayed by any other city he visited in the progress he was making through the kingdom. The accounts of the great procession that welcomed him are dazzling with the cloth of gold and scarlet robes and furred mantles and velvet caps of the dignitaries, who were attended by twelve hundred armed citizens. After them came the bakers of the city, in white dresses, with an ensign, followed by other guilds; and then companies of twelve men each, representing foreign nations—Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, Moors, Tartars, Indians, Brazilians, and various savage tribes—some of the actors really belonging to these peoples, some assuming the part, each company having its chief, who harangued the King in its native speech. Then came the beggars and the parish priests. Last of all, preceded by a trumpeter, came a company of little children on horseback, dressed in white, carrying in their hands little blue flags that bore the King's arms, and shouting *Vive le Roi!* The procession attended the King to the great church of the city, where he was received by the archbishop and the mayor.

Montaigne, already a friend of L'Hôpital and well known to many of the court, must have been present at these ceremonials. He would, also, naturally be present as a "*conseiller au parlement*" at acts that two days later took place at "the Palace," in the great hall of the Parliament. There, in the presence of the King and the Queen-mother, and of many princes and lords, the chancellor harangued the members of the Parliament. He handled them very roughly, accused them in vigorous terms of grave misdemeanors, of disobedience to the royal authority, of discords and factions among themselves, of not having clean hands in the administration

of justice, of love of money and love of power, of want of courage in well-doing. One single sentence exculpated and eulogized the good men among them, "*Il y a ici*," L'Hôpital acknowledged, or rather declared, "*il y a ici beaucoup de gens de bien, desquels les opinions ne sont suivies; elles ne se pesent point, mais se comptent.*" He may have had in mind not only the living but the lately dead. De Thou mentions "three great men" whom France lost in 1563; two of them were of Bordeaux, and both "councillors of the court." The one was Arnaud de Ferron, renowned for his historical works, the other was Etienne de la Boëtie.

It is as "the friend of Montaigne" that La Boëtie is most widely known, but De Thou's judgment and that of other contemporaries confirm and justify Montaigne's profound admiration for him, while it is not merely a matter of chance that his works have been brought by successive reprints down to our own day, and may be read by us with a deeper interest than any of those of his fellow-students. He is the noblest representative of those among them who derived strength from the teachings of antiquity. His love of mankind, his faith in human nature, his lofty and ardent passion for public welfare, and the high simplicity and sincerity of his course of life, made him, in Montaigne's phrase, a man "*à la vieille marque.*" In his writings may be discovered a vehement and somewhat utopian nature, but also excellent good sense with peculiar sweetness and delicacy of feeling. The interest which attaches to them, however, is due not merely to his personal character, nor to their own intrinsic merits; but, in part to the fact that he expresses what many men were feeling, and that in listening to him the historic background against which he stands becomes visible to us.

He died in early middle age—at thirty-three years—and his principal piece, the essay on *La Servitude Volontaire*, was written in his youth. But earlier still, in accord with a prevalent custom of the day, he made several translations, among them one of the *Œconomicus* of Xenophon, which he entitled *La Mesnagerie*. The subject suited the tastes and needs of the time. Montaigne, a little later, wrote, "The most useful and honorable knowledge and occupation for a mother of a family is the knowledge of household affairs, *la science du mesnage*. I see some who are miserly, of good managers (*mesnagières*) very few; it is their highest gift, and should be sought for before all others as the sole dowry which serves to ruin or save our families. Say what you will—*qu'on ne m'en parle pas*—from

what experience has taught me I would require of a married woman above all virtue, the virtue of economics (*la vertu économique*)."

It was to aid in the acquirement of this virtue that La Boëtie chose for translation the *Œconomicus*, following the example of Cicero, who also had translated it in *his* youth. La Boëtie's translation may still be read with pleasure as well as interest by those who would acquire the art "*de bien gouverner la maison*," and not less by the employers of labor. The closing sentences, in fact, rise to the height of a noble description of the man who has a right to command others because he has the power to secure their willing obedience.

The youth who had felt this admiration of voluntary obedience could not but pass on to that detestation of voluntary servitude which inspired the only original prose work of La Boëtie—a short treatise, whose title, *La Servitude Volontaire*, is more widely known than its contents.

The greater part of it was written, it is believed, when he was only eighteen, and there is perhaps no questioning Sainte-Beuve's judgment that it is an echo of classical declamation. But it is something more than this. The ardor of generous emotion breathes life into the rhetorical phrases, and the youthful redundancy of expression is dignified by a remarkable mastery of language. Sainte-Beuve himself admits it to be "a masterpiece" of its kind, adding: "In this piece, of which the ideas are so narrow and so simple, there are strong pages, vigorous and connected trains of thought, eloquent bursts of indignation, a superior talent for style, and a great number of happy comparisons which produce on the reader a poetic impression."

These "eloquent bursts of indignation" were the essentially personal parts of the composition; not "personal," in the sense in which the word might be applied to the indignations of the youthful Shelley, of whose opposition to usurped power the work of La Boëtie may in some respects remind us; but "personal," as coming from the heart, and being inspired by events which the author had himself witnessed. At the moment when he wrote, Bordeaux was suffering the most cruel penalties for her share in a great rebellion throughout Guienne, that followed an oppressive increase of the salt-tax; and the protests and exhortations with which the boy-student of antiquity attempted to defend and to arouse his own people, possess an abstract force and truthfulness which address themselves to the people of all countries and of all times who may

basely permit themselves to be governed as if they were but dumb animals.

The thesis of the paper is that the unjust power of tyrants is only possible through the connivance of the people whom they oppress. The people have no need to combat their oppressor, La Boëtie declares; they need only not assist him. "What could he do to you," he cries, "if you were not the partners of the robber who pillages you, the accomplices of the murderer who kills you, and traitors to yourselves?"

The extravagance of this doctrine, which rests on the assumption that the oppressor is but one, is but the King alone (one of the titles given to the essay is *Le Contr' Un*)—while in truth the King's power in a tyrannical government is due to his being the head of innumerable tyrants—the irrationality of this conception has not prevented La Boëtie's work being made use of frequently in France as an arm by men of more revolutionary tenets than his own. (Indeed, the influence of La Boëtie may more justly be called *revolutionizing* than *revolutionary*.) It was not published for almost thirty years after it was written, and not till thirteen years after its author's death; and then, four years after the night of St. Bartholomew, it was made public by the Protestants, who, though La Boëtie had never belonged to their body nor adopted their opinions, found in it arguments well fitted to their cause. In 1789 it was brought forward, and again in 1835 (by Lamennais), and the next year once more, under still other auspices.

If it is not a weighty weapon, it is a keen and a piercing one. There is more than one passage of eloquence as moving as this:

"You sow your seed that he [the bad prince] may enjoy the fruit of it; you furnish and fill your houses that he may rob them; you bring up your daughters that he may have wherewithal to satisfy his lust; you bring up your sons that he may send them to be butchered in his wars, that he may make them the ministers of his greed, the executors of his revenge; you wear out your bodies in labor that he may wanton in his delights, and wallow in foul and villainous pleasures; you enfeeble yourselves in order to make him stronger and stiffer in holding your bridle tight."

By the side of this vehemence there are passages of simple thoughtfulness equally vigorous in expression. In speaking of the power of circumstances upon the growth of character, he says:

"It cannot be denied that nature has a strong hold upon us to draw us where she will, and to cause us to be called well or ill born; but it must be confessed that she has less power over us than habit possesses, because our natural qualities,

however good they may be, are lost if they are not cultivated, and education [*la nourriture*] makes us over always after its fashion, whatever that may be, in spite of nature. The seeds of worth, which nature puts in us, are so small and slippery that they do not sustain the least shock of an opposing education. They do not hold their own more easily than they degenerate, disappear, and come to nothing, just as fruit-trees, which all have some nature of their own, which they keep, indeed, if they are allowed to mature, but they throw it aside at once if they be grafted, to bear foreign fruits, not those natural to them. Every herb has its property, its nature, and its peculiarity; but yet the frost, the weather, the soil, the hand of the gardener add to its virtue, or diminish it. The plant seen in one place may scarcely be recognized as the same, when growing elsewhere."

La Fontaine, a hundred years later, expressed the same thought in almost the same words. In his fable of the two dogs, *Laridon et César*, he speaks of

la diverse nourriture
Fortifiant en l'un cette heureuse nature,
En l'autre l'altérant;

and the moral is,

On ne suit pas toujours ses aieux ni son père;
Le peu de soin, le temps, tout fait qu'on dégénère,
Faute de cultiver la nature et ses dons;
Oh! combien de Césars deviendront Laridons!

Montaigne was of a different mind. "Natural tendencies may be helped and strengthened by education," he says, "but they can scarcely be changed and overcome: a thousand natures, in my time, have escaped towards virtue or towards vice in spite of opposing discipline; we do not extirpate the original qualities, we cover them and hide them." And he quotes, in illustration, a passage from Lucan about the indomitable bursts of wildness in tamed animals.

There are interesting similarities between the thoughts of La Boëtie, concerning national liberty and kindred topics, and those of Rousseau in the *Contrat Social.* La Boëtie says: "It is an extreme misfortune to be subject to a master of whose goodness there can be no assurance, because it is always in his power to be bad when he will." Rousseau: "The best kings desire to be able to be bad if they choose, without ceasing to be masters." Again, Rousseau condenses into the famous phrase, "Peoples who are free, remember this maxim: Liberty can be acquired, but never recovered," these more diffuse sentences of La Boëtie: "It is scarcely to be believed how speedily a people, so soon as it is subjected, falls into such and so profound a forgetfulness of freedom that it cannot be roused to regain its liberty; for it yields to enslavement so freely and willingly, that

one might well say, in beholding it, that it has not lost its liberty, but gained its servitude." Other like examples have been noted.

Picturesque images abound in these pages, giving them color and light and grace, and one often notes a happy choice of words and originality of phrase. These charms, strange to say, are lacking in La Boëtie's verse.

His French verse, cast for the most part in the form of delicate love-poems, is a little feeble and dull, but of such refinement of sentiment that the reader willingly lingers over the pages. It is of interest, too, as an illustration of the efforts toward new developments of poetic expression, which were contemporaneous with the more formally-studied productions of the school of Ronsard, the achievements of the seven poets known as the Pleiades. It is still an open question whether La Boëtie followed Ronsard, or Ronsard La Boëtie, in passages where it would seem that one or the other must have led the way; and La Boëtie's sonnets are a good example of how men were poetizing who were not classed as poets and belonged to no school of pronounced poetic doctrines.

The Latin poems of La Boëtie are more interesting than those in his native tongue, for, besides their perfume of classic studies, they are more varied in subject and deeper in thought. The civil wars of France began a year before he died (1563), and the change which they brought about in the intellectual temper of the country had been preceded in the minds of many thinking men by apprehension and a sort of despair. La Boëtie's patriotic sadness was of the deepest. Montaigne speaks of "the tender love which he bore to his wretched country," and there is expression of it in a poem addressed to Montaigne and another friend, and probably written about 1560. It has a peculiar interest for us, because in it, confiding to his friends his wish to fly from "these cruel days," to "bid a long and last farewell to his native land," his thoughts turn to "those unknown tracts of earth extending to the West," beyond "the waste of waters," where are found "*vacuas sedes et inania regna.*" We may believe, he adds (we condense in translating), "that the gods, destroying all Europe by the sword, have provided a new land for the unhappy fugitives, and that it is for this that another world has risen from the sea; where the illimitable fields accept for lord, without requiring payment, whoever chooses to till them, *ceduntque in jura colentis.* Here must we go, thither must we bend our oars and turn our sails."

These lines reflect the great emotions of the time, and elsewhere we find lesser accidental conditions of the day mirrored in his verse. Such as this, for instance: "I have seen," says Montaigne, "deafness a fashion (*la surdité en affectation*)." The fact was that the famous Ronsard was "*un peu sourdaut*," a little "hard of hearing," and in consequence his ardent admirer, Du Bellay, thought it the thing to write a hymn to deafness, extolling it as a divine blessing, and we have La Boëtie addressing these verses:

Ad Maumontium surdum
Deficiunt aures; quid tum, cum lingua supersit?
Quod discas nihil est, plurima quae doceas.

"Thy hearing gone? What then?—so but remain thy speech.
Thou nothing hast to learn, but everything to teach."

The most charming of all these poems is one full of domestic sweetness, addressed to his wife, too long to translate and too graceful and gay in its original and vivacious metre to admit compression.

We may pass almost without a break from La Boëtie to Pierre de Brach, another familiar friend of Montaigne, another Bordelaisian, whose devotion to his wife was as tender, as sincere, and as poetic as that of La Boëtie. His affection for Montaigne, who was his senior by fourteen years, was heartfelt, and his own memory is dignified by the touching letter in which he announced to Justus Lipsius the death of Montaigne, and describes his admirable demeanor during a dangerous illness in Paris, five years before, of which exhibition of Montaigne's character we should, but for this letter, be ignorant.*

De Brach had a less vehement and virile nature than La Boëtie, but he had the same reverence for great things and love of pure things; and the man whose absence from his deathbed Montaigne regretted can have been no weakling. Still, the mass of his poems is uninteresting (though he was a poet *by profession*). But as his last (his sole) editor, M. Dezeimeris—(whose scholarly labors were praised a quarter of a century ago by Sainte-Beuve)—as M. Dezeimeris

* A point of interest in connection with the friendship between De Brach and Montaigne is the reference to him in what is known as "*la grande préface*" of Mlle. de Gournay (the preface to the 1595 edition of the *Essais*). She there speaks of the offices "*de bon amy*" which he has rendered to the book; and M. Dezeimeris, in his *Recherches sur la Recension du Texte Posthume de Montaigne*, argues with great plausibility, and goes far to prove unquestionably, that the position usually assigned to Mlle. de Gournay herself with regard to this most important edition really belongs to De Brach; that it was he, in truth, who was its sole and responsible *editor;* and that Mlle. de Gournay only superintended its printing, and wrote the preface.

has remarked, "De Brach gives us an exact idea of the literary form of his time and place; . . . and from his very lack of originality he speaks more completely [than greater authors] the language of the literary circle in which he lived, and he speaks it with much care and consideration. . . . The Bordeaux poet deserves to be studied by philologists, were it only to furnish materials for a comparative study of the language of Montaigne." *

One of the longer poems of De Brach is dedicated to Montaigne. It is a narrative of the combat of David and Goliath, a common subject with the poets of that day. They all felt

Las! ce temps à toute forçe,
Chanter la guerre me forçe,
Car par-mi tant de soldats,
Qu'eusse je chanté que Mars.

And to a Gascon, even a Gascon poet, Mars (who is a droll deity in connection with David) was the most familiar of the gods. "*Le Gascon est naturellement soldat*," says Pasquier. None the less De Brach, like Montaigne, regarded war with detestation.

A hymn to Bordeaux, of more than a thousand lines, dedicated to Ronsard, is the most ambitious, and the least readable, of these "musings." Both in this and in the poem just mentioned are passages which his compatriot Du Bartas† took as models and copied

* De Brach's principal work was a collection of sonnets, odes, elegies, and epigrams published by him under the title of *Les Amours d'Aymée*. A similar series written after his wife's death, entitled, *Les Regrets et Larmes Funèbres*, he desired "should not appear till he himself had followed her to the tomb." Alas! when that event occurred no friendly hand was found to bring them to light; and in our day they seemed to have disappeared forever. Not so; they were only waiting for M. Dezeimeris. His heart had already been touched by the thought of these lost poems, when, suddenly, one fine morning, they knocked at the door of his library. A descendant of De Brach had discovered them in his own possession. He put them at once into the hands of M. Dezeimeris, where they found themselves in company with a printed volume of his earlier poems corrected by De Brach himself, for the complete edition of his works he hoped would be given to his contemporaries. For almost three centuries these kindred volumes had been parted. We cannot enter into all the details charmingly narrated in his preface by M. Dezeimeris, but we echo his question, "*Savez-vous le moyen de ne pas imprimer dans de telles circonstances?*" Two beautiful quarto volumes were the result, embellished by interesting portraits of De Brach and old views of the Roman edifices at Bordeaux, and including the *Tombeau et Regrets Funèbres de plusieurs Auteurs sur la Mort d'Aymée*—the poetic lamentations of some twenty and more friends. Among them we find Etienne Pasquier (the friend, likewise, of Montaigne), Adrian Turnèbe, son of the scholar whose praises Montaigne affectionately uttered as those of "*mon Turnebus*," Mlle. de Gournay, the "*fille d'alliance*" of Montaigne, and M. de Lestonnac, his brother-in-law.

† Du Bartas has a singular foothold in English literature. The students of Milton recognize him as one of the sources from which Milton drew the water which in his cup

closely; but there are few lines to attract either a pilfering poet or a sympathetic reader.

Better than these is a narrative poem, in which he gives an account of a journey he made on horseback in company with Du Bartas. It is full of pretty description and pleasant feeling and entertaining details, that bring scene after scene vividly before the reader, but for a line of poetry or a touch of imagination he looks in vain from the first page to the last.

De Brach dedicated his first volume to the "*très illustre et vertueuse damoiselle Mademoiselle Diane de Foix de Candalle.*" It was to her also—four years later—as Comtesse de Gurson, that Montaigne dedicated his famous essay on "L'Institution des Enfans." She married her cousin, the son of Gaston de Foix, Marquis de Trans, with whom Montaigne was on very friendly terms, and whose château was visible from Montaigne's tower.* It was from his hands that Montaigne received the order of St. Michel, more than once referred to in the *Essays.*

The dedication of De Brach is followed by a sonnet from Florimond de Raymond,† in which he tells the fair Diana that her "*brave nom de Foix*" is nothing, nor her pretty name of "the mother of the months," nor all the gifts bestowed on her by the gods:

> *Mais en dépit des ans cette Muse nouvelle,*
> *Te fera vivre et grande et vertueuse et belle.*

One smiles (not unkindly) at this, as one does not at

> "Yet do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
> My love shall in my verse ever live young."

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changed to wine. Jeremy Taylor borrowed from him (as he did so boldly from Montaigne); and it is said that traces of Du Bartas are found in Byron and in Moore. In Italy Tasso imitated, in his *I sette Giorni della Creazione*, the plan and even the title of Du Bartas's *La Semaine;* and in Germany his fame revived, only fifty years ago, under the influence of Goethe's admiration for him.

* The young Comte de Gurson and two of his brothers, "*trois frères mes bons seigneurs et amis*," Montaigne calls them, in recording (in his *Ephémérides*) their death, were all killed on the same day, at the battle of Moncrabeau; and it is their father (the Marquis de Trans) of whom Montaigne speaks (not by name) in the Essay *Que le goust des biens et des maulx despend, en bonne partie, de l'opinion que nous en avons*, as a man who had received this "*aspre coup de verge*," almost "*à faveur et gratification singulière du ciel.*"

† Florimond de Raymond was still another Bordelaisian. Pasquier speaks of him as one of the three prose writers (in French) of Gascony, placing him by the side of Montaigne and Monluc. It was through his zeal that Monluc's famous autobiographical *Mémoires* were first published (at Bordeaux, in 1592). His chief work was *L'Histoire de la Naissance et Progrès de l'Hérésie.*

The "*brave nom de Foix*" belonged also to an uncle of this young countess—François de Foix—"Monsieur de Candale" in Montaigne's *Essays*, afterwards the Bishop of Aire, who, Montaigne said, "gave birth every day to writings" which would extend to distant generations the knowledge of the love of letters belonging to his family. He was learned, also, in geometry and the mechanical sciences, and had laboratories and workshops and forges, where he employed himself diligently. De Thou gives a very entertaining account of a dinner at his house, "which was seasoned by learned conversation, according to his custom." The conversation, on this occasion, was about an ascent he had made, for scientific purposes, of one of the mountains near Pau, when he was there in the *suite* of the grandfather of Henry IV., whose near relation he was.

This dinner took place in 1582, when De Thou was at Bordeaux for some months. A "*chambre de justice*," consisting of fourteen lawyers of the highest standing in the Parliament of Paris—among whom was De Thou, then twenty-seven years of age—was sent to Bordeaux as a court of high commission, under the presidency of Antoine Séguier, to render justice in cases where the verdicts of the local courts were evidently marked by political and religious prejudice.

It was when Montaigne was mayor; and the long account of this visit that De Thou has left in his *Mémoires* is the more interesting because these distinguished men were in close relations with him. He was present at this first sitting of the court, and listened to the discourse with which it was opened by the famous Loysel, advocate of the commission, with much satisfaction and approval; as is to be gathered from a letter of Loysel to him,* written some months later, sending him a copy of his closing "remonstrance" at Bordeaux (so these discourses were entitled),

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* The letter is as follows:

"*Monsieur*:—If you took some pleasure in hearing what I said at the opening of our first sitting, as you gave me assurance of at the time, I hope you will receive as much, or more, in reading what I send you with this. You will indeed find in it yet more details with regard to your Bordelais cities and districts. As I know not to whom more fitly to dedicate this *clôture* than to him who, being mayor, and one of the magistrates of Bordeaux, is also one of the principal ornaments, not only of Guienne but of all France, I pray you to receive it with as good will as I send it.

"Praying God, sir, to have you in his grace,

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,

"A. L'Oysel."

which he had dedicated to Montaigne. Montaigne was absent from Bordeaux at the time of its delivery.

De Thou, who had already conceived the intention of writing the history of his times, speaks of gaining much information from Montaigne, and describes him as "a frank man, an enemy of all fear, who had joined no cabal; who was also very conversant with our affairs, especially with those of Guienne, his native land, which he knew thoroughly." In his history, after Montaigne's death, he writes of him more warmly, and closes an admirable sketch of him by saying: "To myself, while I was in relation with him in that province (Guienne), at the court, and in Paris also, he was most closely united in communion of tastes [*studiorum*] and of will [*voluntatem*]. To his friendship and virtue I have deemed that I owed this grateful testimony."

The future historian was also, he says, "instructed in many remarkable particulars by Largebaton, first President of Bordeaux, an old man, venerable both from his very advanced age and from his learning;" and he was charmed with Elie Vinet, "Director of the College of Bordeaux, formerly so celebrated." Vinet was then "busying himself with retouching his *Ausonius;* he was in earlier days a friend of Turnèbe, of Muret, of Grouchy, of Guerente, and of George Buchanan"—names familiar to the reader of Montaigne, for they were all of them his friends and some of them his teachers. "Every year Vinet received letters from Buchanan, when the Scotch merchants came to buy wine at Bordeaux; De Thou [he uses always the third person] saw the last letter that Buchanan had sent Vinet, written with a trembling hand, in truth, but in a firm style; it showed no trace of the weaknesses of his great age—of these Buchanan, in fact, did not complain, but expressed the weariness that a long life causes. He told him that he had left the court, and retired to Stirling; he added at the close these words, which De Thou has remembered ever since: 'For the rest, I think only of withdrawing noiselessly and dying quietly; I consider myself already but a dead man, and intercourse with the living no longer befits me.'" He died within the year.

After a time the commissioners took a vacation, and De Thou, accompanied by Loysel and Loysel's *alter ego*, Pithou, and by another friend, and furnished with letters from M. de Foix-Candale (to whom they had paid frequent visits at Puy-Paulin, at Bordeaux), made a little tour through Médoc. When they came to La Teste (de Buch),

close to the sea, whether or not they remembered, as M. Dezeimeris suggests, that Ausonius had spoken of the oysters of the place—"*Non laudata minus nostri quam gloria vini*"—or that in *Pantagruel* "a peck of Buch oysters" is offered in wager, they proposed to eat oysters there.

"These gentlemen had a table arranged on the shore for dinner, as the sea was low: they were brought oysters in baskets; they chose the best, and swallowed them as soon as they were opened; they have so agreeable and rich a flavor, that one seems to be breathing violets while eating them; besides, they are so wholesome that one of the lacqueys swallowed more than a hundred without being inconvenienced. Here, during the freedom of the repast, there was various talk, sometimes of the beauty of the place, sometimes of what might be judged best for the welfare of the State, sometimes of that famous captain just now referred to [*le Captal de Buch*], sometimes of those great men whom Cicero speaks of in a passage in his works, who did not think it beneath them to use a wise repose, necessary to refresh the mind from its great occupations, in picking up shells and little stones on the sea-shore at Gaeta and at Laurentium."

We part reluctantly from these gentlemen, these "men of letters," as they rise from this pleasant repast, where the talk had adequately represented the poetic feeling, the refined tastes, the patriotic emotion, and the scholarly habit of mind which distinguished them and their friends at Bordeaux.

UNCLE MINGO'S "SPECULATIONS."

"L-LORD-a-mussy, Boss! You d' know nut'n! De idee o' you a-stannin' up dar an' axin' me whar I goes ter markit!

"Heah! Heah! Well, you see, Boss, my markit moves roun'! Some days hit's right heah in front o' my ris*idence*, an' den I goes ter markit wid a drap-line an' a hook; an' some days hit's back heah in de Jedge's giarbage bar'l, an' den I goes wid a hook agin—a hook on a stick.

"Don't you go to heavin' an' a-hawkin' an' a-spittin' over my markitin', Boss! I'se clean ef I is black, an' I'se pretickilar ef I does go to markit pomiscyus!

"I aint nuver seed a fresh giarbage bar'l outside o' no quality kitchen do', whar de cook had good changeable habits, whar I couldn't meck a good day's markitin', but I has ter know de habits o' de cook befo' I patternizes a new bar'l, an' dat bar'l's got ter be changed an' scalted out reg'lar, ef hit gits my trade, caze I nuver eats stale pervisions.

"In cose, Boss, I uses 'scretion long *wid* my hook, caze some o' de *con*tentions o' de bar'l aint fittin' fo' no genterman ter eat, but sech as dish-water an' coffee-grouns, dee don't tantalize me, caze dee don't hook up, an' I nuver markits wid no dipper, caze hit markits *too* pomiscyus!

"Why, Boss, ef you was good-hongry, *you'd* eat de cyabbage an' little bacon eens arter I'se done washed an' biled 'em!

"De bacon eens wid de little pieces o' twine in 'em looks like dee was jes' lef' *to* be hooked! I tell yer, Boss, de wuckins o' Providence is behelt in de leavin' o' dem twine strings.

"You see, yer has ter onderstan' how ter 'scriminate in markitin'. Dey's diffent kinds o' scraps. Dey's kitchen scraps an' dish scraps an' plate scraps. De kitchen scraps I uses mos'ly fo' seasonin'—de green tops o' de ingons, pasley stems, cilery leaves an' sech. De dish scraps is de chice scraps. Dee's fowl cyarcases an' ham bones an' roas' beef bones an' de likes. De plate scraps I aint nuver fooled wid. I aint come ter dat yit! I nuver likes ter see de pattern o' nobody's mouf on my vittles! Yer see, I was raised high, Boss, an' I aint nuver got over it.

"Talk about gwine ter markit! I don't want no better markit dan a fus' class giarbage bar'l an' 'scrimination. Ef I wants ter know who's who, jes' lemme peep in de giarbage bar'l, an' I'll tell yer ef dee's de reel ole-timers er new sprouters er jes' out-an'-out po' white trash! My old mudder uster say, 'Show me de cloze-line, an' I'll tell yer who folks is!' an' she could do it, too! but I say, show me de giarbage, an I'll tell yer ef dee'll parse muster!"

The speaker, Uncle Mingo, was an aged, white-haired black man, and he sat, as he talked, on a log of drift-wood on the bank of the Mississippi River at Carrollton, just above New Orleans. I often strolled out for a breeze and quiet smoke on the levee during the warm summer evenings, and it was here that I first met Uncle Mingo. He was a garrulous old negro, who lived alone in a shanty outside the new levee, and was evidently pleased in discovering in me an interested listener.

In reply to his last remark I said, "But you forget, old man, that most of us 'old-timers,' as you call us, are poor now!"

He raised his face in surprise, and exclaimed:

"Lord, Boss, does you spose I'se a-talkin' 'bout riches? I'se one o' deze befo'-de-war-yers, *an' I knows!* I tell yer, Boss, hit aint on'y de money what mecks de diffence, hits de—hit's de—Boss, I wisht I had de book words ter splain it de way I knows it in heah!" He tapped his breast. "Hits de—de diffence in de—in de cornsciousness. Dat's de on'y way I kin splain it. Hit seems ter me de ole-time folks had de inner cornsciousness, an' all dese heah new people aint got nut'n' but de outer cornsciousness!

"De inner cornsciousness strikes out mighty kind an' sweet when it do strike out, an' hit's gentle in de high places, an' when de waters o' tribulatiom runs agin it, hit keeps a stiff upper lip an' don't meck no sign.

"Dars my ole madam, Miss Annie, now, dat uster smile on ev'y nigger 'long de coas', so 'feerd she mout be a slightin' some o' she's own people, caze she own so many she don't know half on 'em—dar she is now, a-livin' back o' town a-meckin yeast cakes fo' de Christian Woman's *Ex*change, an', Boss, I wish you could see her!

"You reckin she talk po' mouf? No, sir! She's mouf warn't cut out by de po' mouf pattern! She nuver lets on, no more'n ef de ole times was back agin.

"I goes ter see her de days my rheumatiz lets up on me right smart—I goes ter see her, an' she sets in dat little front room wid

de two little yaller steps a-settin out at de front do', an' she axes me how I come on, an' talks 'long peaceful like, but she nuver specifies!

"No, sir, she nuver specifies! Fo' all you could see, she mout have her ca'ge out at de front do' an' be out dar ter see po' white folks on business. Dat house don't fit her, and Marse Robert's potrit a-hangin' over dat little chimbly look like hit's los', hit look so onnachel.

"I axed Miss Annie one day how long she specs ter live dat-a-way, an' ef Gord forgives me, I aint a-gwine ter quizzify her no mo'!"

The old man hesitated and looked at me, evidently expecting to be questioned.

"Why, old man, didn't she answer you?" I said.

"Oh, yas sir! She answered me; she say, 'Well, Unc' Mingo, I hardly know. I finds it ve'y pleasant an' quiet out heah!'

"'Pleasant an' quiet!' Lord have mussy! An' 'bout a million o' po' chillen a-rippin' an' a-tarrin' up and down de banquette, an' de organ-grinder drowndin' out de soun' o' 'Ole Sweet Beans an' Ba'ley Grow' on her little box steps dat minute!

"I aint nuver answered her, on'y jes' tunned my haid an' looked at de crowd, an' she say, 'Oh, de chillen, dee are a little noisy, but I meant in a'—some kind o' way—is dey got sich a word as soshual, Boss?"

"Social? Yes."

"Dat's hit—in a *soshual* way she say she fine hit's quiet, caze, she say, she aint made no new 'quaintances out dar; an' den she aint said no mo', on'y axed me ef de ribber's risin', an' I see she done shet de do' on my quizzifyin'. An' I say ter mysef, 'New 'quaintances'—I reckin not! New 'quaintances in dat mixtry o' Gascons an' Dagos an' Lord knows what! I reckin not. Why, Boss, I kin smell de gyarlic jes' a-talkin' 'bout 'em! De Lord!"

"Does she live alone, old man?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir, she got 'er ma wid 'er!"

"Her ma! I thought you called her 'old madam.'"

"So I did, Boss, Miss Annie's we's ole madam, she's jes' lackin' a month o' bein' as ole as me, but *Ole Miss*, she's Miss Annie's ma, she's *ole, ole*. She's one o' dese heah ole Rivolutioners, an' she's gittin' mighty 'cripit an' chilish.

"She's got 'er pa's commission in de army signt by Gineral Wash-

ington. All we ole fambly servants knows all dat, caze we's seen 'em teck it out an' show de han'write *too* many times!

"Yas, sir, she's a ole Rivolutioner, an' in place o' dat, heah she is to-day a-livin' back o' town gratin' cocoanut!"

"Grating cocoanut! What do you mean?"

"Ter meck *pralines* ter sell, Boss!"

"And how does she sell them, pray?"

"*She* don't sell 'em, bless yo' heart, no! My daughter, *she* sells 'em!"

"Your daughter!"

"Yas, sir, my younges' gal, Calline. She's de onies' one o' my chillen what's lef'. She's de baby. She mus' be 'long 'bout fifty."

"And you have a daughter right here in New Orleans, and live here by yourself, old man! Why doesn't she come and take care of you in your old age?"

"An' who gwine to look arter we's white folks?—lif' Ole Miss in an' out o' de baid, an' go of arrants, an' do de pot an' kittle wuck, an' ca'y de yeas' cakes ter de *Ex*change, an' sell *pralines*, an' answer de do' knocker? Yer see, Boss, de folks at de *Ex*change, dee don't know nut'n 'bout Ole Miss an' Miss Annie. Yer see Calline, she's dee's pertector! I aint a-sufferin', Boss, I aint! An' ef I was, hit would be Gord's will; but we aint made out'n de kine o' stuff ter try ter meck we-selves comfable, whilst we's white people's in tribulatiom."

I turned and looked at the old man. A ray from the sun, now setting, across the river, fell into his silver hair and seemed to transform it into a halo around the gentle old face. I had often found entertainment in the quiet stream of retrospective conversation that seemed to flow without an effort from his lips, but this evening I had gotten the first glimpse of his inner life.

"And don't you feel lonely here sometimes, old man?"

"I know hit looks ter you dat-a-way, Boss—I know hit looks dat-a-way—but when I sets heah by de water's aidge, you cyant see 'em, but company's all arount me! I'se a-settin' heah an' I aint settin' heah! I'se away back yonder! Sometimes seems like dis levee is de ole plantation, an' in dat place whar de sun's a-shinin' on de water, meckin' a silver road, all de ole-time folks dee comes out dere an' seems like dee talks ter me an' I lives de ole times agin!

"Sometimes dee comes one by one down de shinin' road, an'

sometimes a whole passel on 'em at onct, an' seems like dee sets down an' talks ter me.

"Lonesome! If ever I gits lonesome all I got ter do is ter come heah on de river bank an' ponder, and when I 'gins ter speculate, heah dee come, a-smilin' jes' like dee was in de ole days, an' sometimes, Boss, you mout come ter de top o' de levee dar, an' you mout look out heah an' see me, a ole black dried-up critter, settin' heah in rags, an' maybe at dat minute I mout be a million o' miles from heah, a settin' up on top o' Ole Miss's ca'ge, a-drivin' my white folks to chu'ch, an' Marse Robert, de one dat was kilt in de army, a little boy no more'n *so* high, a-settin' up by my side, a-holdin' one rein an' a cluckin' ter de horses!

"I tell yer, Boss, when I uster git up on dat silver-mounted ca'ge, wid my stove-pipe hat on, dey warn't nobody what could o' bought me out. I wouldn't o' sole out to de Juke o' Englan'! I was dat puffed out wid stuck-up-ishness!"

He paused, smiling in happy contemplation of his departed glory.

"Uncle," I said, "I am going to ask you something. What was the matter with you last evening?"

"Istiddy? Why, Boss?"

"Well, I was sitting out here on the levee with a party of friends, smoking, and while we laughed and told old jokes, I thought I heard some one sobbing—crying out aloud. Peering through the twilight, I saw you right here where you sit now. We stopped and listened, and presently I think—yes, I am sure—you were laughing. Would you mind telling me what was the matter?"

"Did you heah me, Boss? I reckin you 'lowed dat I was gone 'stracted, didn't you?"

"Well, no, I can't say that, but it did sound queer, out here by yourself."

"An' you'd like ter know de 'casion of it, Boss. Well, I'll tell yer, but I'se afeerd, ef I does tell yer, yer'll 'low dat I'se wus 'stracted dan yer did befo'. Howsomever, hit was dis-a-way!

"Istiddy mornin' I was a settin' in my cyabin a-sortin' out my markitin'—a-puttin' a pile o' cyabbage-leaves heah like, and de chicken-haids like heah, an' pilin' 'em up accordin' ter dey kinds, when, all on a suddint, a picture o' de ole times come up befo' me, an' in de place o' all dese scraps, I see de inside o' Ole Miss's kitchen, an' seemed like I could heah de chicken a-fryin', an' de hot rolls was

piled up befo' me, an' 'fo' I knowed it, seemed like I was a-flyin' roun' de big breckfus table wid a white apon on, an' all de diffent kinds o' seasonable steams out'n de dishes come a-puffin' an' a-puffin' up in my face an' I couldn't get shet ob 'em!

"I tell yer, Boss, I nuver did have my day's markitin' look so po' as it did in de presence o' dat visiom o' de ole dinin'-room! An' when I looked at my chicken-haids, seemed like all dee's eyes was a lookin' at me sort o' gretful, like dee had feelins fo' me, an' like dee 'lowed dat I mout hab feelins fo' dem, seein's we was all havin' hard times togedder.

"Yer can look at me, Boss, an' 'cuse me o' high-mindedness, but my stummick turned agin dat vittles, an' I couldn't eat it, an' I upped an' put it back in de baskit, an' I baited a swimp-bag an' a hook, an' I come out heah ter fish for my dinner, caze I says ter myse'f, 'When giarbage markitin' goes agin yer, yer cyant fo'ce it!'

"Hit warn't 'zacly goin' agin me, but hit was goin' agin my ricollections, an' dey aint much diffence, caze dey aint much lef' o' me les'n 'tis ricollections.

"Well, Boss, ef flingin' dat dinner in de ribber was chilish in me, Gord was mighty good. He nuver punished me, but humored me, same as we humors a spiled chile, an' gimme good luck wid de bag an' line, an' I eat off'n fried cat-fish an' biled swimps fo' dinner.

"Well, dat was in de mornin'. Dat was my fust spell o' onsatisfaction, an' arter dinner, hit sort o' come on me agin, an' I got sort o' lonesome, an' long todes evenin' I come out heah fo' company.

"I d'know how 'tis, but I meets all de ole-time folks better out heah on de ribber bank dan any place—so I set down an' I commenced ter ponder, an' treckly heah dee come, an' fus' thing I know seemed like I lef' my ole lorg heah, an' slipped out'n my rheumatiz, an' was out in de silver road wid de res', a-flyin' an' a-dancin' roun' wid all de young boys an' gals what I knowed way back yonder. Seemed like I *reely was dar*, Boss, an' de wah, an' de breckin' up, an' all de tribulatioms we been pass froo, was blotted out, an' I was young agin!

"An' now, Boss, come de strange 'speunce dat upsot me. Whilst I was a-dancin' in de light an' ac'in' skittisher 'n a yong colt, I happened ter tun my haid roun' an' look todes de levee, an' I see a 'cripit, lonesome ole man, a-settin' still on a lorg by hesef, an' de bones o' he's laigs a-showin' froo de holes in he's breeches.

"Fust, I aint knowed 'im, twell I looked agin, an' den I seed

'twas me, an' seemed like I was a-settin' on de outside aidge o' de worl', an' I cyant tell yer how I felt, Boss, but hit sort o' upsot me. I tried ter laugh an' den I cried. I knowed I warn't ac'n sponserble, an' hit was chilish in me. Dee does say when a pusson gits ter a sut'n age dee's obleeged ter ac' chilish, an' I reckin' I mus' be agin'; but whensomuver I comes out heah ter ponder, arter dis, I'se sho'ly gwine ter set heah an' look back, caze a-gwine back an' lookin' dis way don't bring no comfort.

"Ter teck comfort out o' speculatin', yer has ter know which een ter start at!"

It seemed to me that the old man was weaker than usual when he rose to go into his cabin, and he allowed me to take his arm and assist him. When we reached his door, I felt reluctant to leave him alone. "Let me light your candle for you," I said.

"Candle! What fer, Boss?"

"Why, so that you may undress and go to bed comfortably."

"What use is I got fer a candle, Boss? All dese years I been livin' heah, I aint nuver had no light yit. All I got ter do is ter lay down an' I'se in baid, an' ter git up an' I'se up. I aint prayed on my knees sence de rheumatiz struck my lef' j'int."

I slipped a coin into the old man's hand and left him, but the realization of his lonely and feeble condition was present with me as I walked down the levee, across the road, up through the orange-grove to my comfortable home. I realized that age and want had met at my own door. What if the old man should die alone, within reach of my arm, in an extremity of poverty for which I should become personally responsible, if I allowed it to continue?

The question of old Mingo's relief came again with my first thoughts next morning, and when Septima's gentle tap sounded on my door, and she entered, freshly *tignoned* and aproned—when her black arm appeared beneath my mosquito-netting with my morning cup of steaming Mocha, I thought of the lonely old man in the levee cabin and of his tremulous handling of his cooking utensils that moment, perhaps, in the preparation of his lonely meal.

The picture haunted me, and so the warm breakfast which Septima carried him was sent as much for the relief of my own mind as for his bodily comfort, as was also the dinner which I myself placed on the waiter. The boiled heart of a cabbage, with a broad strip of bacon, cut far removed from the perforation that betrays the string, and the headless half of a broiled chicken—with no eye to witness its

own humiliation or to gaze in sympathetic contemplation of the old man's environment of poverty.

In the early afternoon, while the sun was still high, I yielded to an impulse to go out and see how my protégé was getting along. I found him sitting with head uncovered in the full glare of the afternoon sun, outside his cabin door.

"Are you trying to bake yourself, Uncle?" I said, by way of greeting.

"Oh, no, sir; no, sir. I'se jes' a-settin'out heah teckin' a little free-nigger-fire," he said; and immediately began thanking me for my slight remembrance of him at meal-time.

"You mus' o' been tryin' ter meck my visiom come true, Boss, caze when I looked at dat breckfus dis mornin', hit come back ter me, an', Boss, I'se ashamed ter tell yer, but I did ac' chilish agin, an' my froat seemed like hit stopped up, an' I kivered de plate up an' come out heah an' cried scan'lous. Hit looked like Gord was jes' a-spilin' me wid humorin' me dat-a-way.

"But treckly dat passed orf, an' I come in an' sot down, an' seemed like I was mos' starved, I was dat hongry, but I saved orf a little speck o' everything you sont me, jes' so dat ef I los' mysef in ponderin', an' mistrusted de sho-nuf-ness o' dat breckfus, I could fetch 'em out fo' proof, caze hit don't meck no diffence how big visioms is, dee don't leave no scraps; an' you know, Boss, jes' livin' like I does, ter mysef, sort o' on de aidge bertwix visioms o' de mine an' visioms o' de eye, I does get mixed up some days, an' I scacely knows ef I kin put out my han' an' tech what I sees or not."

"How long have you been living this way, Uncle?" I asked.

"Well, I d' know ezzactly, Boss. I stayed long wid Ole Miss, down in Frenchtown, s'long's I could meck a little off'n my buck an' saw, an' *dee* quarls at me reg'lar now fo' leavin' 'em—inspecially Ole Miss. She so 'feered I mout git sick an' dee not know. Calline, she comes up mos'ly ev'y Sunday ter see me, an' fetches me clean cloze an' a pone o' fresh braid, an' Ole Miss sons me a little small change, an' I daresn't 'fuse ter teck it, needer, but I aint nuver used it. Lord—No! I couldn't use de money dee mecks wid dee's white little hans——"

The old man seemed to forget my presence and his voice fell almost to a whisper.

"You didn't tell me how long you had been here, Uncle."

"Dat's so, Boss—dat's so!" he said, rousing himself. "I was

a-sayin' 'bout leavin' Ole Miss—I nuver liked it down dar no how in Frenchtown, whar dee lives. Seemed like I couldn't git my bref good behint dem clost rows o' box steps, an' so when I 'scivered dat I could git reglar wuck a-sawin' drif' wood up heah, I come up an' rid down in de cyars ev'y day, but dat was wearin' on me, an' so—You ricollec' de time o' de cavin' o' de bank below heah, when two o' my color, Israel an' Hannah, got drownded?—Well, dat sca'd off mos' o' dem what was a-livin' outside o' de new levee, an' dey was a heap o' shanties up an' down de coas' lef' empty, an' I moved inter dis one. Dee's mosly caved in now. Ev'y time my daughter heahs now o' de cavin' o' de bank up or down de ribber she comes an' baigs me ter go home—but I aint afeerd, no, I aint. Dis bank's got a stronger holt on de main lan' dan I got on de bank o' Jordan."

"You talk about Jordan as if it were nothing. Aren't you ever afraid when you think of it, Uncle?"

"Afeerd o' what, Boss?"

"Of dying," I answered plainly.

He smiled. "Was you afeerd o' yo' pa when you was little, Boss?"

"Why, certainly not."

"Den I aint afeerd nuther. Aint Gord we's Father? He done handled me too tender fo' me ter be afeerd o' Him. Yas, He done handled me too tender, an' now, when I'se gittin' notionate, He's a-spilin' me wid humorins an' indulgins. Afeerd! No, no!"

The requirements of beauty, as laid down by authorities on the subject, are always resolved into a question of lines and color, of curves and tints—a certain synthesis of corresponding parts into a perfect unit of grace. It may, or may not be, that an analysis would demonstrate that the conditions had been for the moment fulfilled in the unconscious person of this old negro. I know not how this may be, but I am sure I never saw any countenance more spiritual and beautiful than the gentle brown face he turned upward toward heaven, as in half soliloquy he thus spoke the childlike trust of his undoubting heart. I understood now how he might even doubt whether he might not "put out his hand and touch" the hand of the Giver, who was as real to him as the gifts with which he felt himself "humored and indulged."

"Except ye become as little children——" God give us all such faith as this!

"You are not all recollections after all, Uncle," I said.

"Not in de sperit, Boss—jes' in de *mine*. Yer see, de sperit kin go whar de mine cyant foller. My mine goes back an' picks up ricollections same as you tecks dese heah pressed flowers out'n a book an' looks at 'em. My mine is de onies' book I'se got, an' de ricollections is pressed in hit same as yo' pressed flowers.

"Gord aint forbidden us to gyadder de flowers what He done planted 'long de road, an' de little flowers we picks up an' ca'ys 'long wid us, dee aint a-showin' dat we's forgittin' we's journey's een."

I left the old man with a keener regret than I had felt the evening before, and I was annoyed that I could not shake it off. I knew the thing that I ought to do, but it involved an annoyance to me which my selfishness resented. I had cultivated the old negro to put him into a book, and now I felt impelled to move him into my *yard*. I could not deal otherwise than gently with this antiquated bunch of aristocratic recollections, nor treat with dishonor the spirit that soared to heights to which I had not attained.

I strolled up the levee and back again several times, always turning before I reached the little cabin; but finally I approached it and seated myself as before on a log on its shady side, facing the old man. "Uncle," I said, plunging headlong into the subject, "I want you to come and live in a cabin in my yard. You can't stay here by yourself any longer!"

"Yer reckin' dee'll mine ef I stays?" he said.

"Reckon who'll mind?"

"De owners o' de cyabin, Boss. Yer reckin dee'll mine?"

"I'm the owner, Uncle, and I don't mind your staying, but I can make you more comfortable in another empty cabin inside my grounds. Won't you come?"

The old man looked troubled. "You'se mighty kine, Boss—an' mighty good; but, Boss, ef yer don't mine, I'll stay right heah."

"The other cabin is better," I said; "the chimney of this is falling now—look at it."

"I know, Boss, I know; hit aint dat—but hit's my white folks. Dee's dat proud dee wouldn't like me ter be berholten ter nobody but dem. Yer see, I'd be a 'umblin' dem, an' dat aint right."

"Well, Uncle," I said, "do you know where I could get a good, steady old man to come and stay in my little cabin and look after things? I am away a good deal, and I want some reliable man to carry my hen-house key and gather eggs and vegetables for me. I'd give such a man a good home, and take care of him."

"H–how did you say dat, Boss?"

I repeated it.

"Yer reckin I'd do, Boss?"

"Well, yes, I think you'll do. Suppose you try it, anyway."

We moved him over that evening, and he seemed very happy in his new home. He even wept, as, on entering it, he glanced around at its homely comforts; but he was evidently failing, and it was not long before he often kept his bed all day.

He had been with us a month when, one evening, he sent for me. "Set down heah, Boss, please, sir," he said. "I wants ter talk ter yer. I'se worried in my mine 'bout my people—my white folks. Dis worry*ment* aint nuver come ter me fo' nut'n, an' I'se sturbed in de sperit."

"Aren't you sick yourself, Uncle?" I asked, for he looked very feeble.

"No, sir, I aint sick. I'se jes' a-nearin' home. Some days hit seems ter me I kin heah de ripple o' de water, I'se dat near de aidge. De bank's nigh cavin', but Gord's a-lettin' me down mighty tender—mighty tender.

"But dat aint what meck me son' fer you, Boss. I'se troubled 'bout my people. I had a warnin' in my dream las' night, de same warnin' I had when Marse Robert was kilt, an' when Ole Boss died, an' when all we's troubles come; an' I 'spicion now dat hit's Ole Miss gone—an' would yer mine 'quirin' 'bout 'em fo' me, Boss?"

Thrusting his hand nervously under his pillow, he brought out a little soiled package, wrapped and tied in the corner of an old bandana handkerchief.

"An' won't yer, please, sir, ter teck dis little package wid yer, an' ef Ole Miss *is* daid, jes' give dis ter Calline fer me? Don't 'low nut'n ter nobody else—jes' give hit ter Calline, an' say as I sont it. Hit's twenty dollars what I saved f'om my wood-sawin', 'long wid all de change Ole Miss sont me.

"I done saved it by, 'gainst de comin' o' dis time fo' Ole Miss, an' maybe dee mout be scase o' money. Dee's *ad*dress is in dar."

Untying the handkerchief, I found on a scrap of paper the name of a street and number, but no name of a person. Sometimes pride survives *after* a fall.

"Tell Calline," the old man continued, "I say hit's all fo' Ole Miss's buryin', an' don't specify ter Miss Annie, caze she's dat proud she moutn't teck it, but Ole Miss wouldn't cyar—she wouldn't cyar.

Ef I 'lowed dat Ole Miss would cyar, I wouldn't fo'ce it on her, caze I wouldn't have no right—but she wouldn't cyar.

"She nussed me when I was a baby—Ole Miss did.

"My mammy, she nussed Miss Annie reg'lar, an' yer know she an' me is jes' a month older dan one anudder, an' you know how women folks is, Boss, jes' changin' roun' an' a nussin' one anudder's babies, jes' fo' fun like. Ole Miss cay'ed me roun' an' played wid me, same as you'd pet a little black kitten, an' soon's I could stan' up dee'd meck me clap an' dance, and I couldn't scacely talk befo' dee had me a-preachin' an' a-shoutin'.

"Dee had me fur a reg'lar show when dee had company. Dee jes' out an' out spiled me. I was jes' riz up wid 'em all, right in de house; an' den, all indurin o' de war, when all we's men folks was away, I slep' at Ole Miss's do', an' Calline, she slep' on a pallet in dee's room, 'twix dee's two baids.

"Dat's de reason we loves one anudder. We's done seen good an' bad times togedder—good an' bad times—togedder."

His voice faltered—I looked at him quickly. He seemed suddenly to have fallen asleep. I felt his pulse gently, so as not to rouse him. It was weak and flickering, but not alarmingly so, I thought. Calling Septima, and bidding her sit with the old man for a while, I left him. About bedtime Septima summoned me to come into the cabin. Mingo had fainted. He was reviving when I entered, and his eyes wandered with uncertain glance about the room.

When he saw me he smiled. "Tell Ole Miss, don't be afeerd," he said; "I'se a-sleepin' at de do'."

His mind was wandering. He lay in a semi-conscious state for an hour or more, then he seemed to be sinking again, but reaction came a second time.

"Hit's a-cavin' in!—cavin' in easy an' slow—He's a-lettin' me down—mighty tender."

Suddenly a new light shone in his eyes. "Heah dee come—down de shinin' road—Marster!"

The Master had come. At this supreme moment, when his spirit passed away, his face wore again that expression of exquisite beauty, that illumination as with a spiritual light from within, that had glorified it once before when he spoke of the surpassing love of God.

Early next morning, a neat old colored woman came in haste for Uncle Mingo. It was Caroline. The old lady, "Ole Miss," had died during the night, and Caroline had come for her father.

Finding the levee cabin empty, she had made inquiries and been directed here. She was in great distress over her new sorrow, and seemed much disturbed lest the old man had missed her.

I insisted that I was the old man's debtor to at least the paltry sum needed for his burial—and was it not so? We pay directly or indirectly for the privilege of hearing sermons; we pay for stories of self-sacrifice and devotion; we pay for poetry; we pay for pictures of saints. I had gotten all these, and what had I given? One month's rent of an old cabin and a few crumbs from my table.

And in another sense still, I was old Mingo's debtor. Had he not made known to me the silent suffering of two Southern gentlewomen; and inasmuch as every true Southern man feels himself to be the personal champion and friend of every needy Southern woman, I might now become, in this small matter, a friend to the lonely lady who hid her pride, as well as her poverty, in the little grief-stricken house on a shabby street "back of town."

I asked this much, but a dainty note in a tremulous feminine hand 'thanked Monsieur most heartily for all his kindness, and for his present generous offer, but assured him that the privilege of caring for the body of one of the most beloved of her old servants was one which his former mistress could not forego.' There was no signature, but what was the need of one?

A plain black hearse, followed by a single carriage, in which Caroline sat alone, came in the afternoon for the remains of Uncle Mingo. Moving slowly down St. Charles Street to Canal, they turned down and across, out four, five squares, then down again, till, finally, hesitating a few moments, they fell into line with another hearse that stood before a pair of box-steps in a tenement row, and continued to the old St. Louis Cemetery.

The old lady sleeps her last sleep in a marble bed, the stateliest in a stately row. I started as I read the name: "These people here—and in want! Robert—Marse Robert—Yes—No, it cannot be! We were friends—in the army together—he was killed at Shiloh. Something must be done—but how? I must inquire—down town—at the Pickwick. Or maybe through Caroline——"

As, in the old days, Mingo slept outside his mistress's door, so, in a little grave all his own, in the corner of the family lot, he sleeps now at her feet.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

WHAT PROPERTY SHALL AUTHORS HAVE IN THEIR WORKS?

THE subject of copyright is again before the public, as Congress has assembled, and again the simple question at issue is befogged by many of those who discuss it. The question ought to be precisely that which we have placed at the head of this paper. But in Congress, in public discussions, in the minds of many persons, there is another question, which has been mixed up with this, and this mixture has produced the muddle which prevents legislation giving to authors what all honest minds agree they ought to have. To place the whole subject plainly before the reader, we will put the questions here side by side.

First—The authors' question: *What law shall be enacted to define and protect the property of authors in all works to be by them hereafter produced?*

Second—The publishers' question: *What law shall be enacted to secure to publishers a mortgage interest, or a share, in the property of authors in all works they hereafter produce?*

To the honest mind of an average American, this second question is startling. Have we come to that pass that a class of manufacturers dare ask Congress to make special law by which they shall have a permanent property interest in the raw material produced by other men's industry and skill? Yes, we have; and more than this; Senators and Representatives have been misled into introducing, printing, and advocating in Congress, bills which make this iniquitous provision for publishers.

Let it be said here that there are honorable exceptions among the American publishers, and if they should speak out loud they would do much to stop the evil course of those in their trade who seek this wrong. But thus far the voice of the publishers before Congress has been only that which we now speak of. We wish to make the position of this copyright question plain to American citizens of fair mind. We therefore condense into a few lines the substance of the legislation asked for. It will be understood that by "copyright" is meant all the property interest which law can give to an author in his works. For the present purposes the American author's property in America is well defined by existing law, and the annual discussion, now aroused, relates to securing by agreement, treaty, or by separate statutes, the enjoyment of that property in all countries in which the English language is spoken and read. Therefore the purpose is to secure in England and the United States the same legislation, and the following is the substance of that legislation as asked for by the different applicants.

First : The law asked for by authors.

All persons of whatever nationality shall have property in the literary product of their brains and hands, in the same manner as citizens of this country now have it by copyright law.

Second : The law as publishers ask for it.

All persons of whatever nationality shall have property in the literary product of their brains and hands, in the same manner as citizens of this country now have it by copyright laws. But no American author shall have copyright in England, and no English author shall have copyright in America, until such American author shall by deed or contract of royalty give to an English publisher (or such English author to an American publisher) a share in the profits of publishing his said literary product, on such terms as the publisher may be willing to make.

Third : An ingenious variation of the publisher's plan, befogging the question by dragging in the subject of a protective tariff, and creating a permanent protection which neither country can revoke without destroying the whole international copyright.

But no American author shall have copyright in England unless he shall employ an English publisher or other person, to print and publish his work in England within —— months after he has copyrighted it in America, and no copies of his book published in America shall be sold in England. *Vice versa* for English authors and American publishers.

Fourth : The resulting effect of the legislation asked by the publishers, which will be law precisely as if enacted by statute.

"If English publishers decline to contract for any book by an American author, or American publishers for an English author, or if, by reason of inability to pay the expense, want of acquaintance with foreign publishers, residence in remote parts of country, want of knowledge how to address and deal with foreign publishers, or other cause, such author shall not have given an interest in his or her book to a foreign publisher, he or she shall have no property in it except in his or her own country, and American or English publishers shall have free right to print, publish and sell the same as their own property, free and clear of any debt to the foreign author."

There, good honest people, you have the varieties of legislation proposed in Congress. The authors' legislation is simple, honest, upright, and no honorable mind hesitates to recommend it. What do you think of the publishers who prevent its adoption? For they alone prevent it. If the publishers of America, like honest men, would say to Congress, "We, too, ask you to enact the law the authors ask for," it would be passed this winter. But what do you think of the annexes, the conditions, with which they ask England to load our property in our work? Mark you, in this matter of international copyright, American publishers are asking the British Parliament to legislate on the property of American authors in England. Don't let them befog you, as they befog senators, with the idea that all this discussion is about the rights of foreigners in America. We ask justice to all men of all nations, and we ask our legislature to make laws which England will at once copy, securing to us the same property in our books that we now have in

our watches on both sides the Atlantic. And we are prevented from getting what honesty wants to give us by American publishers, who ask Congress to mortgage us and our children to English publishers, so that they may get in return a mortgage on English authorship for all time to come.

Authors are producers of raw material for manufacture. Publishers are manufacturers of the raw material into goods for sale. The relations of the two are precisely those of the cotton grower and the cotton manufacturer. Here is the law applied to cotton and other produce which the publishers desire applied to the produce of authorship:

"No grower or producer of cotton, tobacco, wool, or any other raw material shall have any ownership or property in his product, but it shall be the right of any manufacturer or other person to seize such material wherever he finds it, and manufacture and sell the same, enjoying all profits and proceeds to himself, without debt or obligation to the producer. But whenever such producer desires to acquire ownership of the material he has produced, he may do so by contracting with a manufacturer on such terms as he may be able to make for the manufacture thereof, or by manufacturing his product into goods in the country in which he desires ownership."

Publishers, like cotton manufacturers, have now all the law they need. No word of new law is required for their interests. Their property in cotton and books is the result of what purchases they may make of the raw material from planters or authors. Both parties are free to buy or sell, and the contracts they make are protected by the laws of their countries. But whenever authors ask for legislation affecting their property in the raw material they produce, you are sure to hear publishers cry out, "Do not give authors any more property in their work without giving us a mortgage on it." Authors cannot approach Congress without this interference of publishers; and yet you see plainly that the question is one with which publishers, as such, have no concern whatever—none which cotton manufacturers have not equal right to claim in cotton growers' crops.

But let us see the absurdity and iniquity of the pretence that the legislation proposed by publishers is all that American authors need for protection of property in literature, produced by their brains and hands. Like many persons, you have perhaps been misled by the idea that all this copyright talk is with reference to those authors whom you know by reputation, and whose books have large sales. This is a great mistake. In our industrial system the publishing business is of immense importance, rivalling cotton and other large subjects of manufacture and trade. It is safe to say that for the manufactured material, literature, many millions are annually paid to publishers. This is one of our largest industries, employing thousands of people. Can you guess what portion of the money coming from purchasers of the finished goods goes to the producer of the raw material? We have no statistics to help us answer. But the pay of authorship is very small. The girl in the book-bindery gets as much pay for her work on the book as the author gets, in the cases of many books published. The paper-maker gets more for the paper than the author for the literature. A

publisher, like any other manufacturer, is a business man. He will not buy raw material which he does not think will manufacture into marketable and salable goods. Known authors are of course welcome, when they offer him raw material, and he readily contracts for their material and pays them according to their reputations, because the sales will be very sure. When unknown authors or authors of moderate or little reputation offer raw material, the publisher subjects it to careful examination before making a bargain about it. Will the book sell? Is this material which people will buy when manufactured? These are proper business questions.

Contracts between publishers and authors are of various kinds, the most common being this: the author assigns his copyright to the publisher, who agrees to manufacture the book and sell what he can, and pay the author a percentage on the receipts. This percentage varies with various authors.

With unknown or not popular authors it is often this: 10 per cent. on the retail price of all books sold after the first thousand; nothing on the first thousand.

With most authors, 10 per cent. on the retail price of each book sold.

With very popular authors, higher percentages, or what is called half profits.

When an author offers a book to a publisher which the latter does not think will pay to publish, he will, if the book is not objectionable, agree to publish it and pay the author a royalty, if the author will pay the expense of making the electrotype plates; or, in another case, if the author will furnish a guarantee that the book will sell a certain number of copies. Special contracts of this nature are of various characters.

If an author makes the common 10 per cent. contract, and his book sells 1,000 copies at $1, he receives $100 for his work. If the book sells at $2 he gets $200. Very few $1 books sell 2,000 copies. Still fewer $2 books sell 2,000 copies. The average sale of all books published is not above 1,000 copies per book.

Now dismiss great authors from your mind and realize how many poor authors, women and men, do weary work for the few dollars pay they earn. They get it because of copyright laws. They would have nothing to sell to a publisher but for those laws. The publisher would not buy but for those laws. For every book he published, if likely to sell 1,000 copies at $1, would be stolen by another publisher, and issued in a cheap edition at 10 cents. It is the hundreds of poor and humble authors, women and men, who are to be chiefly considered in copyright legislation. A thousand books have been copyrighted in America of which you never heard, by authors you never heard of. Good books they are, too, many of them. It is not the most valuable literature that has the largest sale. The most important contributions to human knowledge, books whose publication is of priceless value to the country and the age, prepared with years of labor by scholars, are books of very small sale. Hundreds of little books, books for children and books for grown folk, are made annually by worthy authors.

There are publishing houses which issue many of these little books annually that are sold in small numbers everywhere. Authorship is not the trade which some persons seem to think it, spending a few hours in dashing off pages of brilliant fiction, sending it to press, and receiving ingots of gold from the reading public. For every eminent author, whose works pay largely, there are fifty poor, meritorious authors, whose very poverty appeals to Congress for consideration. We know several poor women, of brilliant intellect, who eke out their slender incomes from various work by writing for publication. Every dollar they earn goes for the necessaries of life to them and those who are dependent on them. Can law add to their incomes a few dollars? Yes, by increasing the value of their property in their writings. How? The value depends on the extent of the market into which the author can go and say: "This is my property which I wish to sell, and I alone can furnish it to you." If the author can say that in America, the woman's little book on a 10 per cent. royalty may pay her $50. If she can sell it wherever people read English, she may get $5 or $10 more. Every one of those dollars is worth as much to her as the hundreds or thousands he would receive are to the distinguished author. The authors of America ask Congress to procure English copyright, not only for renowned American authors, but for such humble authors as the women we speak of.

Let no man, English or American, tell us that no English publisher will steal these unknown little American books. We are tired of hearing this falsehood, especially tired of hearing Englishmen talk as if all the stealing was on this side the water. Precisely this class of books is stolen every week and reprinted in England. The naked, indisputable fact is this, that English railway and news-stands groan with loads of American reprints, stolen books, and American markets are glutted with stolen English books.

And a publisher has the audacity to tell us, men of at least a little common sense, that that poor woman, in a remote country village, an invalid who writes little books sitting propped up in her bed, will be perfectly protected by law, when she has only to go and find a publishing house in London, who will make a contract with her for her book, and will give her a part of the profits of an English edition!

What do such poor authors know of English publishing houses? Why should our law relegate us to contracts with manufacturers 3,000 miles away from our seaports, and more thousands of miles away from our various homes all over this vast United States territory? We ask only to be protected against British thieves of our property. We want to be able to sell our produce there as cotton and wool growers can sell theirs, and punish those who steal it. If England chooses to put a duty on our cotton or our wool, on our cotton goods or our woollen goods, on our literature in manuscript or our manufactured books, we have no complaint to make. That is her right. It does not concern our present needs. We want to own our produce. We want thievery of it suppressed. Give us ownership in what we produce, as other men and women own what they produce, and

then tax it as you please. But don't rob us by law, and provide that we shall not own it unless we give some manufacturer a part interest in whatever it is worth in the markets of America or Europe.

Now see the amount of iniquity which this publishers' legislation is designed to legalize. An author, in most cases, has hard work to get a publisher to buy or publish on any terms his first book. Many young men and young women at this moment have written, or are writing, their first books. No English publisher would dream of buying them. Among these are authors who, ten or twenty years hence, will be renowned authors the world over. Then, when they are famous, what plunder there will be for publishers in their early works, if Congress and Parliament have legislated as the publishers propose. For they cannot get copyright on their first books outside their own countries, and when their fame gives them ability to get repaid for their earliest and most difficult work, lo, a horde of publishers are reaping the benefit and enjoying the profit of that fame out of editions, cheap and expensive, in which the author has no interest.

A country school-master, a man of might, but utterly unknown to fame, makes a school-book. It is a little grammar, or spelling book, or arithmetic, or geography. It is not difficult to imagine it a vast improvement on any such book yet made, a blessing to millions of children, who are to be men and women. He has no means of getting a publisher, and, as a matter of fact, every publisher of school-books has one of the kind already which he is running, and does not want a rival book, however good. The school-master, however, prints his little book at a job office in the village, copyrights it, and his friends help him pay the cost of a small edition. It becomes, what such books have become, famous.

Now there is more profit in publishing small elementary school-books than any other class of books. And there is a great deal of stealing from such books, and the stealing is by men calling themselves authors. This school-master, of course, could not comply with the conditions of the publishers' new copyright law, and get a copyright in England. His book has been out a year or two when an English school-book maker hears of it, sees it, recognizes its value, steals it in part or as a whole, and an English publisher realizes thousands of pounds—perhaps in some cases thousands *per annum*—from its sale. And American publishers propose a law to legalize this. What moves them? Is it uncharitable to think they want opportunities to do likewise, without accounting to English authors?

THE ETRUSCAN TEMPLE.

WHILE the arts of Etruria are familiar to us through its tombs, frescoes, and ceramics, a singular fatality seemed to have debarred the modern world from any *de visu* knowledge of the Etruscan temple. None of the excavations, conducted for so many years on numerous sites of ancient cities of

Etruria, had helped to lift the veil; and it was to literature, especially to Vitruvius, that archæologists have looked for information as to the form, materials, and decoration of the temple. This is changed by the recent discovery at Civita Castellana, not far from Rome, of the ruins of a large Etruscan temple, an event of great archæological importance. The site is that of the ancient Falerii, whose capture by Camillus, in 394 B. C., is well known. The origins of this city seem not to be Etruscan, but, according to tradition, "Pelasgic," and whether we follow the theory of an Argive colony, with Pliny and others, or, guided by the appellative of *Curites* given to the Juno of Falerii, from the Sabine city of Cures, we make the city a settlement of the Sabines, there can be no reasonable doubt that the strong local characteristics which the Falisci are known to have preserved, even up to the imperial Roman period, were not Etruscan. The discoverers agree in identifying the ruins with the famous Temple of Juno, the chief sanctuary of the city, destroyed by Manlius Torquatus in 241 B. C., the magnificent position and ceremonial of which are referred to by Ovid and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. The sheltered position at the foot of a hill, in a pleasant grove, from which a number of ancient roads branch off, agrees with the surroundings of the Temple of Juno.

If, anticipating the results of restoration, we were to picture this famous building as it stood in the latter days of its glory, we would see it to be a work on which the greatest skill in every branch of Etruscan art was lavished. Rising above a platform, the façade, about 145 feet in width, is formed of a portico, the front columns of which support a long architrave, while above rises a cornice, and then a gable, like that of the temples of Greece. While there is no longer that beautiful symmetry and elegance, the æsthetic relation of the various parts, which make the charm of the Parthenon, there is in their place a greater richness of detail. Every inch of the terra-cotta plates that cover the wooden framework is painted with varied ornamental designs, while at intervals the surface is relieved by the *antefixæ*, moulded in high relief, with heads of fauns and nymphs. The gable is filled with scenes from the lives of gods or heroes, executed in richly painted terra-cotta reliefs, for marble did not come into general use until the close of the republic. Passing through the three rows of columns that support the portico, the closed portion of the building is reached, composed of three parallel cells of equal dimensions, the walls of which are covered with slabs of terra-cotta, decorated with frescoes, forming a series of wall-pictures of considerable dimensions, framed by a monochrome border. Above is a row of large windows, the light from which is tempered by the terra-cotta *plaques* of openwork design that close them. Out of the rear of the central *cella* opens a small chamber, the *sanctum sanctorum*, in which stands, on a pedestal, the sacred image of the goddess, carved in tufa, with a sacrificial basin beside it: this statue had been venerated for centuries, like the early statues of Greek divinities, and the cell containing it, preserved from the destruction that overtook the early temple to which

it belonged, was incorporated in the new building, erected not half a century before its final destruction by Torquatus.

The ground-plan (145 ft. by 165 ft.) is similar to that of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome: how many columns adorned its portico cannot be determined, for the waters of a swift stream have washed away all traces of the front part of the building, but there was probably no deviation from the usual three rows of four columns. The only deviation to be noticed is the addition of the small cell containing the archaic statue, dating back, probably, to as early a period as the sixth century. Among the numerous terra-cottas found, there are some *antefixæ* that apparently belong, also, to this primitive age of Etruscan art. The absence of any fragments of columns, friezes, cornices, etc. (except terra-cotta revetements), confirms the theory that the Etruscan temple was built of wood. A further proof, if this were needed, is furnished by the holes in the fragments of sculptures from the gable and of the decoration belonging to various parts of the temple, all of terra-cotta; in many cases these holes still held the long nails by which the terra-cottas were fastened to the wooden frame, or skeleton, which they covered. In the restoration of these decorative portions, assistance will be rendered by the rich ornamentation of a second temple, discovered by Count Cozza, soon after the first, on the highest point of the plateau on which the present town of Civita Castellana is built. Unfortunately, in this case, the rapid succession of buildings on the site has swept away all architectural vestiges, but numerous fragments of the rich revetement and sculptures remain, showing this second temple to have almost rivalled that of Juno in extent and beauty, and to have been rebuilt at about the same time, and in the same style, early in the third century B. C.

There still remains a doubt as to the origin of these temples of Falerii, and the right to take them as types of Etruscan temples. Would the purely Etruscan type be followed in a city where race, worship, and customs were distinctly referred to Grecian and non-Etruscan origin? To discuss this would be to open the entire Pelasgo-Etruscan controversy, in which two armies of scientific heroes are pitted against each other, the one calling everything Etruscan, and denying the existence of a previous autonomous culture, the other upholding the claims of this culture, variously termed Pelasgian, Umbrian, Celtic, or Latin, thought to have preceded that of the Etruscans, and to have continued to exist, after their invasion, in many unconquered cities. To all appearances the Temple of Juno is a perfect example of an Etruscan temple, and, as such, will take its place in the history of art, as the first monument of the kind discovered.

GERM DISEASES.

THE recent work of Pasteur on hydrophobia has been calling public attention anew to the germ theory of disease. As every one knows, this theory

claims that many, if not all, of our infectious diseases are caused by the growth in the body of microscopic organisms. We still call the discovery a theory because no general proof of the organic nature of all infectious diseases has been adduced. In regard to many diseases, however, the theory is just as well established as any of the best attested scientific conclusions. The theory has fought its way against much opposition, and has finally become one of the most valuable discoveries of modern science. The opposition has come from many sources, but most largely from the medical profession, which has not been at all captivated by the new attempt to put medical science on a scientific basis. All that has been said in opposition, however, amounts to this, that scientists have not proved the theory. For it is true that proof of the germ nature of any particular disease is a difficult matter, to say nothing of attempting to prove any general proposition. To prove that any disease is produced by a particular microbe, two things are necessary. First, it must be shown that the microbe in question is always associated with the disease. This is no easy matter, considering the fact of the extreme minuteness of these organisms and their great similarity to each other. Usually it requires chemical tests of staining to distinguish the species. Second, it must be shown that the inoculation of healthy animals with the pure cultures of the microbe in question will produce the disease in the animal inoculated. This is usually extremely difficult. The method of procedure is somewhat as follows: a drop of blood filled with microbes from an animal suffering from the disease is transferred to a flask containing some sterilized medium in which the microbes will grow. After they have multiplied here, a drop of this fluid is transferred to a second similar flask where the microbes are again allowed to multiply. From this a third flask is inoculated, and so on. With each inoculation the amount of the original drop of blood is greatly diminished. After a series of fifty or a hundred cultures of this sort, the amount of the original drop of blood in the last culture, and consequently of any poison in it, is reduced practically to zero. But there will be plenty of descendants of the original microbes which have continued to live and multiply. This is a pure culture. Now to inoculate a healthy animal with this pure culture, and thus reproduce the original disease, is not so easy as it seems. The experiment must usually be performed on lower animals, and the diseases experimented upon are more or less peculiar to man. Most of them occur only seldom in the lower animals, some of them not at all, and it will plainly be difficult to reproduce in rabbits and guinea pigs diseases naturally found in man. Moreover, it is known that the healthy body has under the right conditions considerable power of resisting the attacks of disease, and hence negative evidence is not of much value. While, then, it is perfectly legitimate to ask for proof, it is no argument against the theory that proof is slow in appearing.

In spite of these difficulties patient experimenting has been rewarded with success in a considerable number of our diseases. The one most thoroughly studied is malignant pustule, a disease rare in man but common

among cattle, where it is known as splenic fever. The microbe of this disease, after being carried through a hundred cultures, invariably produces the disease within a few hours after inoculation in a healthy animal. Scarcely less cogent is the proof of the germ nature of the following diseases, experimenters in all cases having produced the disease by inoculation of pure cultures, cholera, erysipelas, diphtheria, pyæmia, septicæmia, tuberculosis (consumption), and the inflammations and gangrene accompanying surgical lesions. In many other diseases the general evidence is very strong, though the proof is not quite so conclusive, since the inoculation experiments have been more difficult, for instance, hydrophobia, intermittent fever, pneumonia, syphilis, typhoid fever, yellow fever, etc.; in short, there is proof that many infectious cases are of germ nature, and strong evidence in the case of many more.

Just how the bacteria cause the disease investigators do not yet definitely say. Probably it is not the same in all cases. Sometimes it may be by mechanical obstruction or irritation. But the growing opinion to-day is that these microbes usually, by their growth, set up certain chemical changes, in general known as putrefaction, the result of which is the formation of certain compounds called ptomaines. The latter are known to appear in all matter putrefying under the influence of microbes. Now these ptomaines are very deadly poisons, and it is easy to understand how, appearing in the body under the influence of the bacteria growing there, they may directly poison it and produce the various symptoms of disease.

This idea of the germ nature of infectious diseases is only slowly making itself felt. Our medical schools have been shamefully loath to do anything with the subject, and frequently reject it altogether in spite of the proof in its favor, and even while teaching methods of practice based upon it. The immense practical value of this conception of the nature of diseases cannot be overrated, and is only beginning to be realized. Germicides can be directly experimented on in the laboratory, and their real value as medicines determined. Under Pasteur the method of preventing disease by inoculation has been developed, a method which has given him success in splenic fever and hydrophobia, and by which others claim to have succeeded in the treatment of cholera and yellow fever. But these are the least important of the practical results. Every one knows of the great advance in surgery which has taken place in the last twenty years. This advance is almost entirely due to the introduction of antiseptic surgery, a treatment of wounds based upon the knowledge of septic bacteria. Sanitary precautions and hygiene are now founded largely upon the knowledge of microbes, and, more important than all, the study of the habits and nature of microbes is sure to lead to the development of preventive medicine. Whereas in the past our medical students have been taught only how to cure disease, in the future they are sure to be taught how to prevent it. Yet, from the slowness with which our medical schools adopt the theory, it does not appear to be very close at hand.

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Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

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